Saturday Review

NOVEMBER 29, 1958 / 25¢

RECORDINGS

LIFE WITH FATHER AND OUR BOOKS

By Helga Sandburg

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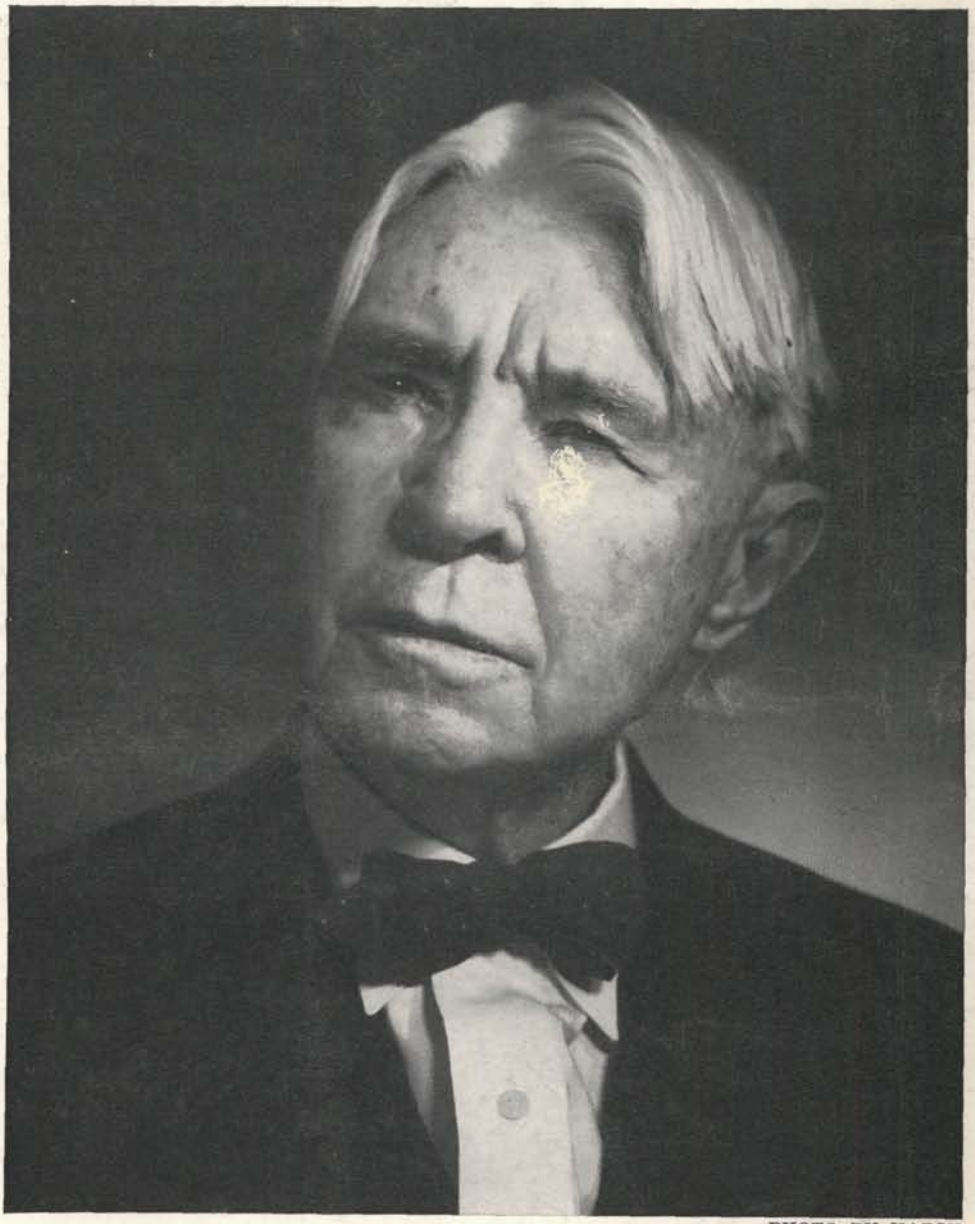

PHOTO BY KARSH

Carl Sandburg
(See page 10)

BRAHMS IN A COFFEE SHOP By George R. Marek

DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER By Bradford Smith

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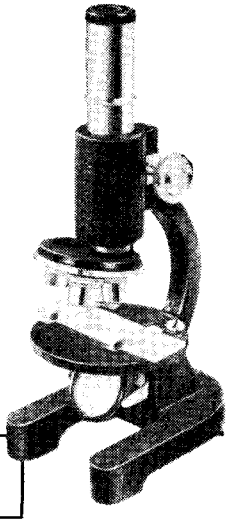

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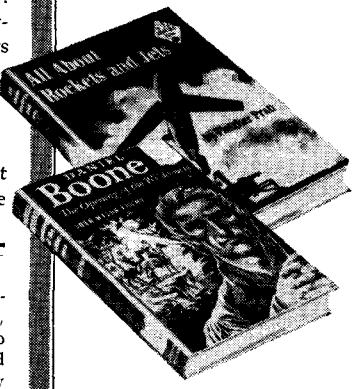

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TRADE Winds

SR IS IN A position to pass along the information that Giangiacomo Feltrinelli, Italian publisher of Boris Pasternak's "Doctor Zhivago," has stated that he has definitely broken with the Communist Party. The editors have received a letter from Mr. Feltrinelli's American lawyer, Harold Greenwald, in which he says that it has been inaccurate since the end of 1957 to identify him as a Communist or as a Communist sympathizer. Mr. Feltrinelli writes:

> Everybody knows that I am not in the Party. I formerly sympathized with certain Party ideals, but since the Hungarian incident and the disgraceful attitude by the authorities against my printing "Zhivago" all ties with the Party have completely been broken. I brought out the book "Zhivago" against strong opposition from top people of the Party in both Russia and Italy, who made personal contact with me on the matter. These facts were widely known through the press months before I published the book.

Mr. Feltrinelli's letter grew out of the frequent references in the American press, including *SR*, to his supposed membership in the Communist Party. Mr. Greenwald was disturbed at the reference in *SR* and submitted Mr. Feltrinelli's letter to set the record straight. We are happy to do so.

WE HAVE BEEN knee-deep in the British Empire these recent weeks, and are happy to report that all is well along several fronts.

In the first place, we are reasonably confident that there will not only always be an England, but that there will also aways be Englishmen. After talking to yeasty, effervescent Russell Brockbank, Art Editor of *Punch*; brittle, witty Pamela Frankau, the novelist; facile, engaging Michael Noonan, also a novelist; keen, energetic Lawrence Langner, of the Theater Guild, and author-playwright—after talking to all of these people within the span of a single fortnight (if such a phrase is possible without contradiction) it seems incredible to believe that there ever was a time that there wasn't an England, to say nothing of a British Empire.

It is not that all of these captivating people are Englishmen, per se. Brockbank was born in Canada, and lived for a spell in Philadelphia, of all places. He now lives in London. Miss Frankau has spent long stretches of time in this country. Lawrence Langner, though British by birth, has been an American citizen for many years. Michael Noonan is an Australian now living in London. But the common corollary coefficient of all of them is that lyrical tonic cadence of tongue which no basic Britisher could ever cover up.

And well they shouldn't. If nothing else, the earthy American language needs the parent British tongue for contrast.

And make no mistake about it, they are two different languages.

FOR INSTANCE, RUSSELL BROCKBANK, of *Punch* mentions that there are a few incidents he's noticed particularly in his recent visit to New York which point up this fact.

"A very simple difference in phrasing," he said, "is evident when the phone rings here in America. Americans will say, 'I'll *get* it.' An Englishman will say, 'I'll *take* it.' Of course, the end result is all the same. But it's interesting. In a crowded doorway, the Britisher says, 'After you.' The American shrugs—and lets you go first. It's still the same."

Mr. Brockbank was speaking at Giovanni's, sipping a gin and tonic with considerable relish. (There will be no pun mentioned at this point.) We asked about the martini situation in England.

"A martini in England bears no relation to a martini here. Instead of 8 to 1, you'll find it about 3 to 1—in favor of the vermouth. In either form, they are frightful drinks. Poison."

Mr. Brockbank is happy and relaxed, after putting together "The Brockbank Omnibus" for Putnam. His visual and verbal commentary on motoring (automobiling, we might call

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it) and flying is not only delightful, but classic in its interpretation of the struggle of man to coexist with machines.

"Americans are more economical in their phrasing," said Mr. Brockbank, "and also colorful. I love the road signs which read 'Soft Shoulders'. They are not only romantic in sound —but also accurate and practical."

"I love the informality of Americans," Mrs. Brockbank added. "You know, we were having breakfast in bed the other morning, and the chambermaid came in and chatted with us without blinking an eye. In England, she would have looked the other way, and we'd have learned very little of the latest gossip."

We were curious to find if Mr. Brockbank found any great difference between *Punch* and its nearest American relative, the *New Yorker*. (Incidentally, the *New Yorker* would prefer to have the "T" of "the" capitalized, but we have long known from the purists that no publication deserves this treatment outside of *The Times*, of London. Another British distinction.)

"Actually, there is little difference between *Punch* and the *New Yorker*," said Mr. Brockbank. "Both of us are built on one premise: there is nothing funny about a man falling downstairs. But if his wife warns him first, and *then* he falls downstairs, it can be funny. That is the difference. The extra twist. The extra undertone, or overtone. Whatever you want to call it the *New Yorker* and *Punch* both insist on it—and that is basic."

MICHAEL NOONAN, WHOSE book "The Patchwork Hero" (John Day) is just appearing, has a set of problems on words and language.

"*You* should worry about the differences between the American and British languages," he said. "*What* about me? I'm neither fish nor fowl nor red blooded American. I'm Australian, and neither of you blokes can understand me.

"For instance, 'The Patchwork Hero' is about a lovable larrikin," he continued.

"What," we asked, "is a *larrikin*?"

"Do you see what I mean?" he wailed. "I can't even explain anything right. A 'larrikin' is a reprobate, and he's a very pleasant shimmezzle who—"

"What," we asked, "is a *shimmezzle*?"

"A 'shimmezzle' is a *wreck*, a confusion," he answered. S-h-i-m-m-e-zed-zed-l-e—"

"What do you mean by *zed*?" we inquired.

"I forgot," he said patiently. "In America, you call 'zed' just plain 'Z.'

On Campus with Max Shulman

(By the Author of "Rally Round the Flag, Boys!" and, "Barefoot Boy with Cheek.")

DECK THE HALLS

The days grow short, the nights grow long, the north wind doth blow, and a light frost appears on the knees of coeds. Christmas is icumen in, and once more our keen young minds turn to the vexing problem of Christmas gifts.

Let us examine first the most vexing of all gift problems: What do you buy for the person who has everything? Well sir, when you encounter this dilemma, the best thing to do is seize it by the horns. Ask yourself this question: Does he *truly* have everything? Does he, for example, have a birthmark? A Mach number? A lacrosse net? An I-beam? An S-hook? A U-bolt? A T-square? A Primus stove?

(There is, incidentally, quite an interesting little story about how Primus came to invent the stove. Before Primus's invention, cooking was rather a hazardous occupation. People just built fires any old place—the floor, the closet, the escritoire—and often as not the whole house would go up in flames along with the dinner. Primus, a goose plucker of Frankfurt-am-Main, kept thinking there must be a more efficient way to cook. Finally, in a flash of inspiration, it came to him: Why not build a device to contain the fire and keep it from spreading?

(Well sir, he built precisely such a device and named it after his beloved wife Stove. Primus's first Stove, it must be confessed, was less than a triumph; his mistake was in building it out of paper. The next Stove, built of wood, fared hardly better. Not until he made one out of metal could the Stove really be called a success.

(But even then the Stove was not entirely satisfactory. The trouble was that the Stove filled up with ashes and became useless after a few weeks. It remained for Primus's son Frederick to conquer that problem. He invented a mechanism to remove ashes from the bottom of the Stove and was thenceforth known to posterity as Frederick the Grate.)

But I digress. We were discussing Christmas gifts. This year, as every year, a popular gift is the smoking jacket. And what do the smoking jackets smoke? Why, Marlboro, of course—every man jacket of them. And why wouldn't they smoke Marlboros? Why wouldn't anybody with a taste bud in his head? You get such a lot to like in a Marlboro—filter . . . flavor . . . pack or box.

Here is no filter to hollow the cheeks and bug the eyeballs; here is a filter that draws nice and easy. Here is no flavor to pale and pall; here is a flavor ever fresh, ever zestful.

Speaking of smoking, the year's most unusual gift item is a brand-new cigarette lighter that never needs refilling. You are scoffing. You are saying you have heard such claims before. But it's true, I promise you. This new lighter never, never needs refilling! The fuel supply lasts forever.

...his mistake was in building it out of paper...

Of course, there are certain disadvantages. For one thing, the lighter is rather bulky—170 feet long and three stories high.

But look on the bright side: As the fuel runs out, you can rent rooms in it.

* * *

Good to give, good to receive, at Christmas or any other time is a carton of filter-tip Marlboros, whose makers take pleasure in bringing you this column.

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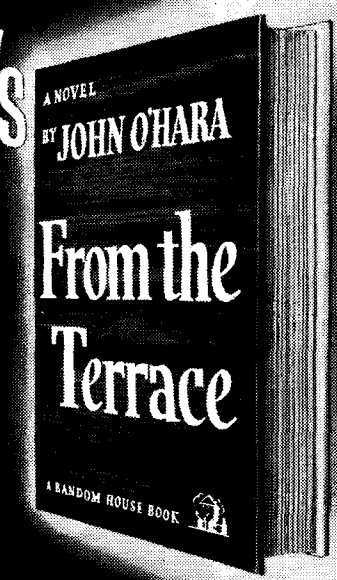

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Anyway, I went off like a flock of ducks when I started writing this book, and all of a sudden it skittled me to the extent that I ought to stop dragging the chain and have a bit of grog until I got rotten and piled up a few dead Marines. Then when I got to the Old Dart no pommes would bother me—although, of course, many of them are fair dinkums, even if they get lumbered and tossed in the van . . ."

We eventually had to give up—but only after we probed deeply to find that: *skittled* means *hit*; *dragging the chain* means *drinking too slow*; *grog*, we knew, meant *liquor*; *rotten* means *drunk*; a *dead Marine* means *dead soldier*; *Old Dart* means *England* (derived from Dartmoor Prison, from which many of the original Australians came); *pommes* means *Englishmen* (derived from the Britisher's red cheeks); *fair dinkums* mean *nice fellows*; *lumbered* means *picked up by police*.

LAWRENCE LANGNER, WHOSE new book "The Importance of Wearing Clothes" will appear this spring under the Hastings House imprint, is an ideal fusion point for all concerned. He is a native Britisher with an American outlook born of many brilliantly successful years here.

His forthcoming book is a departure for a man who has shown through the Theatre Guild, the American Shakespeare Festival at Stratford, Connecticut, and an extraordinarily successful patent law practice that no one needs to be confined in this life to be a success. His new book goes far beyond the treatment of clothes as adornments. "As a result of wearing clothing," Mr. Langner said, "man has generally come to believe himself a God-like creature, superior to the world of animals, and capable of being the master of his ultimate destiny.

"I contend," Mr. Langner continued, "that the wearing of clothing has influenced the later stages of human evolution, and that it has also heavily influenced religions and cultures."

His book goes on to prove this.

—JOHN G. FULLER.

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SAINT PAUL:
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Now the Spirit speaketh expressly that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits, and doctrines of devils. . . . For every creature of God is good and nothing to be refused, if it be received with thanksgiving.

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Chess Corner—3

THIRTY-SIX nations are competing at Munich, at this writing, for the world's team championship. Odds on favorite is the Soviet Union. Its contingent of skilful skull-crackers consists of the present world champion, the ex-world champion, former Esthonian grandmaster, Keres, a world champion challenger, and a couple of grandmasters. The USSR has taken the last three team titles.

This is a far cry from the Thirties, when the United States won this event four times in a row, at Prague, 1931, Folkestone, 1933, Warsaw, 1935, and Stockholm, 1937.

The question now is, what has happened to the American team? Curiously, the team is as good as ever. But not on a comparative basis. In the old days, competition was on an equal footing. Our aggregation was a handful of brilliant amateurs, gainfully employed at some occupation other than chess. The rest of the teams, too, were mostly amateurs. That, however, no longer is the state of affairs. The Soviet Union accents chess. Its representatives are nearly all out and out pros. It is clear that between equally talented players, those who play all the time are at an advantage.

Here is a miniature from the last team tournament.

QUEEN'S GAMBIT

J. Bolbochan (Argentina) White		L. Pachman (Czechoslovakia) Black	
1 P-Q4	N-KB3	9 0-0	0-0
2 P-QB4	P-K3	10 R-K1	NxN
3 N-KB3	P-Q4	11 PxN	P-QN3
4 N-B3	P-B4	12 B-Q3	B-N2
5 PxQP	NxP	13 Q-B2	P-N3
6 P-K3	N-B3	14 B-R6	R-K1
7 B-B4	PxP	15 Q-Q2	R-QB1
8 PxP	B-K2	16 QR-B1	B-B3
	17 Q-B4	N-R4?	
A decisive blunder. 17 . . . B-N2!			
18 N-K5	N-B3	20 P-N3	B-K2
19 N-N4	B-R5	21 B-B4	R-B2

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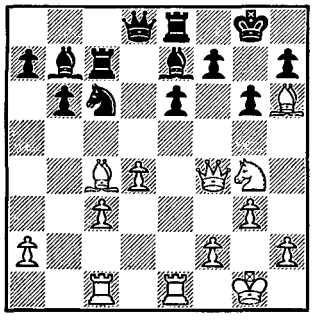

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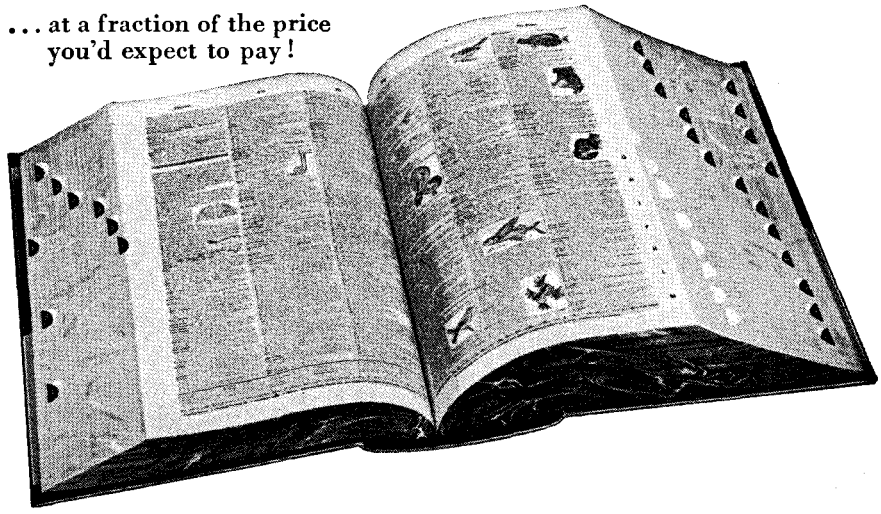

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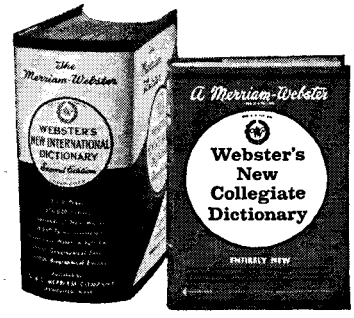

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Saturday Review
NOVEMBER 29, 1958

LIFE WITH FATHER AND OUR BOOKS

A Memoir of Carl Sandburg and Family

by His Daughter Helga Sandburg

I'M NOT sure whether being the child of a monologist has repressed my art in expressing myself or made me overeager. How many evenings have I been a captive listener to my male parent's voice, like a mellifluous, unceasing waterfall? Those times come to mind when my sisters and I sat wriggling on the sofa while the company listened charmed to my father in the big chair telling one of his famous "long" jokes. The one about Snider's vinegar perhaps, or one of the many about Pat and Mike. To our undeveloped minds there was but little humor in them, if any. And indeed this appeared to be part of the character of his "long" jokes. Over many minutes it would be related with much description how Pat and Mike were at a wake. They became thirsty and decided to prop the stiff up between them and go across the street to a saloon. There they left the corpse for a few moments at the bar in the care of an innocent customer. As much as possible would be made of the attempts of the customer to get friendly with the stiff, until finally enraged he would knock the body over. Then the familiar conclusion would come, as Pat and Mike rushed over to sob dramatically, "You've killed him, you've killed him!" And the retort, "I had to. The son-of-a-bitch pulled a knife on me!" The guests would seem to be enjoying themselves greatly.

Occasionally, in mild rebellion, I might offer to the conversation a differing opinion. But my father's voice, unrestrained, flowed past and over me. His mind, leaping and darting brilliantly, would leave us far behind. He knew a smattering or more about everybody who ever lived or died; we were convinced of it. It made no difference what would be brought up, he took the ball and ran with it. His intellect was unable to pace itself to our dull and childish ones.

At the family supper table, he always read aloud, stories he'd written, and poems not finished, later the Lincoln chapters. And he read at length from other authors as well. One winter it was the trial of Jeanne d'Arc, naturally the original transcript of the proceedings translated from the French. And after the night meal, particularly in winter when it was dark and too cold to go outside, we brought him his guitar and he would sing the folksongs he'd garnered. We children joined in. My mother sat nearby, declining to sing, claiming she had no sense of tone. The dishes were cleared, the hours hurried on; too soon it was our bedtime. But in the summers we begged permission to leave the table early, and ran out to join in Run-Sheep-Run with the children of the vacationers who were our neighbors during that brief season.

The air, as I remember, was brilliant and green-colored and after a while the sun would drop magnificently into the lake in a bath of gold and vermilion. And then twilight would start, luminous and soft, while our shouting rang. At last, reluctant, we wound our way home to lie awake and listen to the shuddering of pines outside and the lap of waves, the creak of house-boards, and the steady rumble of a typewriter up in the attic. There the window-panes stared flat and yellow against the moonlight flooding over the dunes.

AS I grew older I went with my father on his nightly walks, along the beach to pick up driftwood for fires, or calling on one of our few neighbors. I recall the suggestion of the master of one house, upon viewing me nodding at each of the various pronouncements issuing from my parent's lips, "Why don't you stop agreeing with him and shake your head once in a while?" I was appalled. I agreed because he spoke the truth, the divine word. My gentle mother had reared us in the conviction that he was a genius and his faculties uncommon. Benefiting from this tutelage, I sought to be helpful to him. Upon completing a typing course in high school, I began at once to copy the manuscript of the Lincoln biography, "The War Years." My family had a small farm then on the dune behind the big house which sat on the lake, and I took my typewriter to a room in one of the barn lofts where I labored amid the dusty smell of hay, and heard the animals move about below.

They bought those few acres of sand that we called "the farm" when I was fifteen or sixteen. It is clear

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from a journal I kept at the time that the farm project, which was my mother's and mine chiefly, had moved me to ecstasy. I was soon to be out of high school, was devoted to animals, always having dogs and small pets about. Here, as well, was a place to escape the continual battle for quiet that was waged in the big house so that my father could work. Two pictures linger of my babyhood in Elmhurst, Illinois. One is being walked across the ceiling held up by the powerful gentle arms of my father; the other is the finger on the lips of my mother, "Hush. Daddy's working. Daddy's sleeping. Shh." Another's night had become his day. Accustomed to rise in the late morning or at noon, he worked often until dawn. This hampered considerably, as it must, our household, where as in those of other artists the women were busy cleaning, cooking, waiting on the sick ones, quieting children and dogs that the writer might toil in peace.

It was quite early that I showed the desire to express myself in the written word. Many were the diaries and notebooks torn up during adolescence, not like Gide pruning his as carefully as his plum trees, but burned just about totally in secret midnight fires lest their gushings be exposed to mankind's sight. Later I wrote poetry. I became flushed with satisfaction, convicted of its worth I showed them to my father. As always after he read my things he cautioned me, "Some of the world's best writers were never published while they lived, girl. Look at Emily Dickinson. Kick them around awhile. Let them steep." And so I laid them back in the desk and forgot for a time how the seed of ambition had prickled so keenly. All my energies turned upon my duties in the running of the household and the little farm. With enormous enthusiasm I hurled myself upon the piece of land, planting and reaping every conceivable vegetable from peanuts to the common radish. We had ducks, pigs, geese, rabbits, goats, sheep, horses, and tried all the breeds of chickens. The journal I was telling you about speaks of the miracle the day a pullet laid her first egg in the new-built house that still smelled of woodshavings.

It was many years later, when I was married and we came to Washington, that I took a job at the Library of Congress. As a staff member, I was permitted to go to the mysterious and dusty shelves of the stacks, where sometimes it seemed to me as if no human but myself ever came. It was hidden, potential, tremendously exciting. Here dwelled the great collections, sometimes a series of shelves produced by one author. Occasionally I came on the works of a woman. The suggestion was stirring again. I would write. The desire had returned. Exercising my staff privileges, I took books home and read boundlessly. There had always been, in my father's houses, rooms of books of every kind. They held up the walls; we were free to choose undirected. My first introduction to fiction came from my eldest sister, an inveterate storyteller. I know she was disappointed when I learned to read myself and had no more use for her talents. She had used to reel off to me in their entirety "Quentin Durward," "The Man in the Iron Mask," "The Five Little Peppers." Thus, the appetite was cultivated, a healthy one I think, omnivorous. While in grammar school, I went through the usual mystery story period. I remember too, an odd group of books called, I believe, "Bongo, the Jungle Boy." This is etched on my brain because one evening my father stopped in at my room to say goodnight as he was going to his attic quarters. "Bongo" sailed across the room flapping while a thundering voice reverberated, "Life's too short for this damned tripe!" I recall too, when ill as a child once, concealing some book he had castigated, perhaps "The Girl of the Limberlost," within my copy of "Plutarch's Lives," which had been read long since. And, having scented out its notorious status from a schoolmate, I thought it correct to hide "The Sheik" beneath my mattress But "Sister Carrie" and the Dumas adventures were enjoyed complacently in front of everyone. And then I also had the fairly common childhood habit of finishing the chapter when directed to put out the light, by using a flashlight under the bedcovers.

IN THE summers before we got the farm, there were days when bored with tennis and swimming, we would make ice cream in a crank freezer down in our damp cellar. We took turns until it was hard and then filled immense soup bowls, using a heavy iron ladle. Sometimes the cream would taste slightly of the rock salt with which the ice was mixed. The freezer would be packed and a burlap thrown over it. And I would retire to a cellar play room to read Dreiser or "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." Putting my mind back there

SPIRITUALITY IN STONE: "The emotion in these statues is intense, the material in which it is embodied so deeply beloved, the art so wise and rich, that emotion, material, and art remain bound within themselves, reduced to their own configurations," writes French art critic Jean Cassou in his introduction to a representative selection of sculpture and drawings, **"Glicenstein"** (Crown, $7.50). Enrico Glicenstein, a Polish-American, was a forerunner of modern monumental forms. In wood and stone he created massive, elemental figures, whose austerity was softened by a deep sense of the artist's own spirituality. The same vigor and emotionality of his drawings found expression in the forms of his powerful sculptures as in the simple preliminary sketch of lovers, above.

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it seems the ice cream lasted over lengthy hours as did the books. The sun glinted through the low window, birds chirped dully in the heat, while I was transported. Names and titles were unimportant. I lived in the books. Which Bronte wrote "Wuthering Heights"? I could not tell. I was not studying; I was living the characters' lives. I was Heathcliff. I was Cathy. It was dark and brooding on the moor. The author was of no importance; he was extraneous.

As I was saying, the stacks at the Library of Congress had rekindled my early aims. It was a year or so later that my husband wrote his novel, the one I grow convinced most people write and put away in a drawer somewhere, a novel perhaps of protest at the flaw in society with which they are most familiar. His was a travesty on the school system that he knew so well. In helping him, typing and discussing plot and point of view about which we both knew little, I found a very real and new stimulation. His book took final shape in the summer and was put to an agent. The following winter my husband took a business trip. While he was away, I planned to start a novel. In it I would try to explore the ideas that had come to me while viewing him shape and cut his work. When he returned, he read the first chapter. He liked it. We decided I would leave the Library and write my book. It seemed the time to follow instinct, to disregard the budget, to cut short the clock-watching routine. The minutes were to be newly cherished and used. My husband is now a professor at The American University. I am employed part-time by a researcher and the rest of my week is taken up in completing a second novel and plotting a third. Nostalgically, sometimes, we speak of those days when he was a high-school teacher and I was a secretary for the government.

As to how I write, I wonder if you are interested. I seem to be a scribbler. For every ten words put down, ten eventually will be rewritten. And something seems to be happening all the time, yeasting perhaps in a back corridor of the mind. Kneaded down, it rises, to be worked down once again. In the nights or while reading or engaged in other work, it will come partly to the surface for examination. Then at last it is written, almost as if without will. Fleeting, ephemeral, it seems to be right. Later it will be reworked as the design of what is being attempted comes clear. If it were feasible, I would want to rewrite again and again, until the illumination were just caught. It was Mark Twain who said, there's as much difference between the right and wrong word as between lightning and the lightning bug.

I find a schedule imperative. There is the tendency in me to dawdle and a routine snaps me up. It is pleasant to pour one more cup of coffee, to chat, to linger over the morning paper. But I see the clock hands descending upon seven-thirty. The dishes must be done and the beds made for the schedule dictates, "Seven-thirty to eight, write in journal." Soon I'm opening the desk and taking up the black binder. But what shall I write about? Nothing has occurred beyond our Doberman pinscher having had a fight last evening. And it was not much of a fight; he is getting on. However, his opponent was a certain bulldog new to our neighborhood; he had yellow eyes and a torn ear, a screw tail. Soon the ink is flowing briskly and there is the germ of a short story coming. I have remembered another fight too, long ago, two dogs of my childhood that battled all the way down a sand dune one sun-drenched morning while we screamed and doused water upon them One never did recover though my mother put him in the bathtub and nursed him for weeks. Suddenly I note it is after eight o'clock. "Eight to one," says the schedule, "work on novel." Putting the journal back on the shelf, I say goodbye to my husband and to my son and daughter, who will be leaving for school soon. I close the desk and head for our basement study, grasping as I hurry through the kitchen a thermos of coffee filled earlier. The sun gleams on the metalware and glass in the kitchen, there is a wide blue sky out the window, and three glistening crows are ambling about the feeding station in the back yard. The sweet air floods through the opened windows. But the mind must be shut to all this. The study is chilly and isolated. There is one window. The sun spots the frame hesitantly, and the red curtains. There is a small bird who knows I work down here, a mocking bird. He comes to peer in, will do the same upstairs when I am in the chair by the window. He is a curious one. In a moment, though, he goes away and I have to write. I would rather wash windows or start a ragout, weed the flowers or bake bread. There is always much to be done. Sometimes I do weaken and go up, but not today. In an hour I am deep in it. Suddenly it is past one o'clock and the thermos is empty. I push the chair away slowly and view the confusion before

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

SHAKESPEARE WARMED OVER

Since Shakespeare's death, many authors have undertaken to revise and "improve" his plays. Frequently they have replaced Shakespeare's titles with their own. Arthur N. Wilkins of Kansas City, Missouri, offers twelve such titles followed by the names of the authors who produced the adaptations. From the list at the right he asks you to choose the play of Shakespeare which each of these authors revised. Answers on page 32.

1. "All for Love, or the World Well Lost" (John Dryden) ( ) "Antony and Cleopatra"
2. "The Comical Gallant" (John Dennis) ( ) "As You Like It"
3. "A Cure for a Scold" (James Worsdale) ( ) "The Comedy of Errors"
4. "Everybody Mistaken" (William Taverner) ( ) "Coriolanus"
5. "The Fairies" (David Garrick) ( ) "Julius Caesar"
6. "Florizel and Perdita" (David Garrick) ( ) "Measure for Measure"
7. "The History and Fall of Caius Marius" (Thomas Otway) ( ) "The Merry Wives of Windsor"
8. "The Invader of His Country" (John Dennis) ( ) "A Midsummer Night's Dream"
9. "The Law Against Lovers" (William Davenant) ( ) "Romeo and Juliet"
10. "Love in a Forest" (Charles Johnson) ( ) "The Taming of the Shrew"
11. "The Shipwreck" (Anonymous) ( ) "The Tempest"
12. "The Tragedy of Marcus Brutus" (John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham) ( ) "The Winter's Tale"

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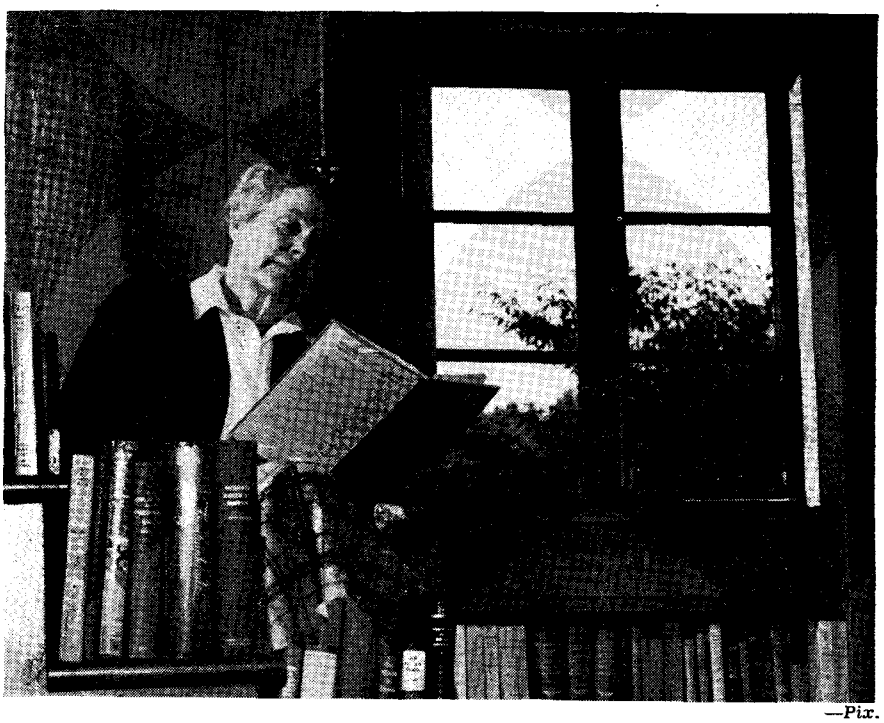
me. Purposely I am not tidy. I have learned not to move a page-leaf. Tomorrow it will be a help on beginning again. Going up, I feel tired, but the spirit is soothed and nourished. I am quite willing to run the sweeper, to iron and tend house. Those five swift hours were worth whatever will be exacted. Later in the afternoon and in the evening the schedule calls for reading and the use of my notebook. These are pleasant occupations though, and there is no need of will power, of inner battle, the fight with uncertainty that there is in writing.

My time is melting away. I want to say a word about my book, "The Wheel of Earth." Some have asked if it is autobiographical. I will not resist repeating that brief and famous reply of Flaubert's, "Madame Bovary! c'est moi." Ellen and her weakling sister, the conniving woman Rose, the self-concerned and brutal old Anton. These are me. If a character is gentle, I look for this in me, because I have tenderness. If a man beats his child, I remember how I felt and why I struck my dog Jack when I was eleven and he would not jump the gate at command. I was unreasoning and righteous; the dog accepted this and jumped. If a character is depraved, surely I have elements of depravity in me. And if one has beauty and feels its power, I have it as well. In this sense, all fiction must be autobiographical.

"The Wheel of Earth" was written to amuse and to interest. To me there is no more honest reason for its being. It is true, I wanted to keep hold of a fast-fading way of life, to record the leisurely songs I was acquainted with and the way of the folk that sang them. More than that I wanted to speak of the common pleasures and troubles of people and how they deal with them and why. When goldfinches flutter over a certain skyline, why does a particular woman pause and recall heat and trees? And why does servility please this man over here and anger that one there? The answers to these, woven together, can make absorbing fiction.

I tried here to show the roots of love, how they were made of dreams often with no substance at all, and how they were formed of a great need, how all must have love in order to live, though they fabricate a baby out of a pillow, a mother from a niece. In some novels, when the reader sublimates himself to the story, lives it, he comes away enriched, he has a new understanding. He is a little changed from what he was before he read the book. Of course, this happens very seldom. It is my ambition sometimes to be able to do this to a reader.



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DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER

A Presence Among Us

By BRADFORD SMITH

DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER, who died in her Arlington, Vermont, home on Sunday morning, November 9, was not only an outstanding American writer, but one of the great people of her time. She would not have understood the current nonsense about the writer being alienated from his society, for she was always deeply and richly involved in hers. Her many lives—as writer, critic, Book-of-the-Month Club judge, champion of liberal causes, of adult education, proper child-training, and enlightened internationalism—all fused together in a rich personality.

It was by accident that she came to writing. She had prepared herself to be a teacher of languages, taking a Ph.D. in a day when this was unusual for women. Even as a child she had traveled frequently to Europe with her artist-mother, and was as fluent in French as in English. One day she read a magazine article about the Basque game of jai-alai. It was full of errors, so she wrote out her own account, sent it off, and got ten dollars for it.

"It seemed like easy money," she recalled, when speaking of it a few years ago. Then her father (president of several colleges, and then librarian of Columbia University) suggested that she make an article out of a letter she had written home about seeing the King of Spain, as part of the pre-Easter rites, wash the feet of twelve beggars. So, unexpectedly, she was launched as a writer. Even before this she had considered, but given up, the idea of being a musician. As she shortly after began to have signs of deafness which progressed, but never slowed her down, the choice of literature was doubly fortunate.

Her first novel, "Gunhild," published when she was twenty-eight, has been so pushed into the background by later works that her publishers in a brochure about her have described "The Squirrel Cage" as her first. Yet in "Gunhild," a well conceived and impressively well constructed book, the traits of Dorothy Canfield's fiction are already clearly established. There is the direct, forceful, and charming optimism, the belief in goodness, the drive and energy, the gift for sweeping obstructions out of the way and getting on to the main thing, the aptness for clear and meaningful symbol, the overflowing good talk, and above all the loving belief in people which was to be her hallmark.

Though her art matured, these

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traits remained in the nine novels and many stories which followed. Perhaps it is her positive orientation, in a day of gloom, which has prevented present-day critics from seeing her true stature. Beneath the brow of hope there was a clear and steady critical eye. Long before Sinclair Lewis, she looked sharply at small-town life. Compare her scene of the French lecturer in "The Squirrel Cage" with Lewis's Thanatopsis Club in "Main Street," and there will be little doubt which is the truer, more honest picture. Her attack is equally devastating, but it is not bitter. Because it has compassion, it can lead somewhere—to useful action. Love is at the center of her world. Most of her novels deal in one way or another with people caring for others. It was her great capacity for caring which led Dorothy Fisher from fiction to community action, and which made her not only a writer but a person.

In her novels she found in the common life the deepest of satisfactions. It was always clear to her that every villager no matter how uncommunicative might have a story and a strength beyond tears. This vision led her, not only to write about life but to live it. She was the first woman to be appointed to Vermont's Board of Education. She was a trustee of Bennington College. She wrote and lectured on child training. She was President of the American Association for Adult Education. She gave her name and her voice to one liberal project after another.

To live at all is to live in a community. This belief strengthened Dorothy Fisher both as a writer and as a person. Her last books are tributes to Vermont and its way of life, and to "the comforting sense," expressed as long ago as "Hillsboro People" (1915), "of belonging almost as much to the past and future as to the present."

Although every fiber of her being was positive, creative, and encouraging, she was the first to see through sham or pretense. But when she spoke publicly, it was usually for things she liked. Almost like manna was her power of love and encouragement and affirmation. Eleanor Roosevelt, naming her one of the ten most influential women in the country, gave as her reason that she had influenced more people to intelligent, warm-hearted, and satisfactory management of their human relations than anybody else.

So a greatness has departed. Yet not really departed, for it cannot fail to live on in those who have known or read Dorothy Fisher. She is a presence among us, and her power will grow.

LITERARY HORIZONS

The Problem of O'Hara

By Granville Hicks

According to his publishers, John O'Hara regards **"From the Terrace"** (Random House, $6.95) as his best novel, and I am not inclined to quarrel with him. That it is an uncommonly good novel of its kind is certain; the problem is what to make of the kind.

"From the Terrace" is biographical in form, and except for two enigmatic passages in italics, one at the beginning of the book and one in the middle, the narrative is straightforwardly chronological, setting forth the life of Alfred Eaton from his birth in 1897 to his fiftieth year. The story begins in a Pennsylvania city called Port Johnson, and an important episode is set in the Gibbsville of "Appointment in Samarra" and "Ten North Frederick," but in much of the book O'Hara abandons the provincial scene for New York, Washington, and California.

Alfred Eaton's father, a manufacturer, and his maternal grandfather, a banker, are the leading citizens of Port Johnson. Alfred goes to Princeton, as his father had done, but leaves college for the Navy in 1917. After the war he and a college friend form a company to manufacture airplanes, but he is not sorry when an accident wins him the favor of James MacHardie, a prominent financier, and brings him a job in Wall Street. Alfred makes no bones of his desire to be rich, and he is well on his way when he leaves MacHardie and Company to become Assistant Secretary of the Navy in World War II. An ulcer compels his retirement from that post before the war ends.

In "A Rage to Live" and "Ten North Frederick" O'Hara dealt with persons of substance, but in "From the Terrace" he flies higher, for here are some of the very rich and very powerful. Only J. P. Marquand writes about such persons with an authority equal to O'Hara's, and O'Hara writes about them even more sympathetically than Marquand. He is, indeed, as conservative, as favorably disposed to men of wealth and recognized social position, as James Gould Cozzens. Like Cozzens he seems to be saying, "This is the way the world is, and if you try to change it, you'll only make it worse."

O'Hara takes himself seriously as a social historian, and fiction offers no more carefully documented account of American life in the first half of the twentieth century than "From the Terrace." We learn about social classes in Port Johnson, the celebration of the first Armistice Day, the operations of a private bank, the number of suicides in the depression, the intrigues of wartime Washington, and numerous other matters. And we come to have complete confidence in O'Hara's facts. When he writes, "Fritz Thornton drove his nephew and Alfred to the new Pennsylvania Station in his Crane-Simplex," one has no doubt that the Pennsylvania Station was new in 1916 and that there was an automobile known as the Crane-Simplex.

On the other hand, as everyone who has read a novel by O'Hara knows, he is not content to limit himself to those aspects of life that are a matter of public record. The private lives of his characters—by which he mostly means their sexual activities—are his major concern. We are told of Alfred's first experiments, his first romantic attachment, his first affair, some casual affairs, his courting of Mary St. John, his married life with Mary, the collapse of their marriage, his affair with Natalie Benziger, and his married life with Natalie. We are also told about the sexual behavior of Alfred's mother, of both his wives, and of many other characters, some of them of no great importance in the story.

As, once more, his readers will expect, O'Hara deals with sexual matters not by any process of delicate allusion but by the adducing of precise physiological details. Other novelists in recent years have been as relentlessly physiological as O'Hara, but none has so consistently devoted himself to the factual approach. One would sometimes think that he had the benefit of a research staff as large as that employed by the late Dr. Kinsey.

The reliance on facts, public facts and private facts, takes O'Hara a long way. Unlike James Jones in "Some Came Running," he is never stupidly unselective in his handling of facts; he makes them count. The novel is long—897 pages—and heavily factual, but it is not dull. O'Hara has the kind of insight into character that a good novelist must have, and he has his own way of making the reader see what he sees. For instance, his account of Alfred's boyhood, espe-

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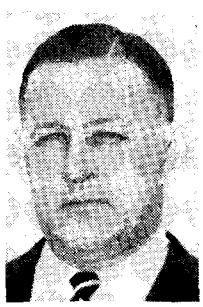
cially his relationship with his father, builds a solid foundation for later developments. Up to a point at least, Alfred Eaton is a real person, set against a recognizable background.

But if "From the Terrace" is a considerable achievement, I do not find it wholly satisfying, and that, I think, is because it is the kind of novel that it is. In one of his prefaces Henry James speaks of "that odd law which somehow always makes a minimum of valid suggestion serve the man of imagination better than the maximum." James is here speaking from the point of view of a writer, but, as his own practice fully demonstrates, he believed that the same law operated for readers. His aim was always to stimulate the imagination of the reader, to secure his cooperation in the creative enterprise. In the same passage he wrote, "The historian, essentially, wants more documents than he can really use; the dramatist only wants more liberties than he can really take."

I have never accepted the dogma that the kind of novel Henry James wrote is the only valid kind, but I do believe that the study of James shows what is missing in O'Hara's work. Facts can take him and the reader only so far, and there are times when we need to go further. It will be recalled that O'Hara, for all his concern with the physiology of sex, has always insisted on the reality and importance of love in the romantic sense of that term. When Alfred Eaton meets Natalie Benziger, they fall in love, O'Hara states, at first sight. I don't believe it, not because I would argue that love at first sight is impossible but because the sentiment is unbelievable in the atmosphere O'Hara has created. He hands it to us as a fact, on the same level as the number of orgasms experienced by a particular character on a particular occasion, and since one cannot accept love at first sight as that kind of fact, one cannot, in this context, accept it at all.

More important is the reader's inability to enter imaginatively into Alfred's state of mind at the end of the book. His life has suddenly become a failure, and after a fashion we can see why, but we do not feel the anguish he is said to feel. As I have observed, we know Alfred up to a point, but suddenly it appears that what lies beyond that point is all-important—for the dramatist though not for the historian, to use James's terms. The imagination, properly fed, would carry us on, but as it is we stay behind with the facts.

Appt. with O'Hara



JOHN O'HARA lives in a white brick house along a country road in Princeton, New Jersey, with his thirteen-year-old daughter, Wylie, his wife, and a golden retriever named Pat. He wears tweedy jackets, walking shoes, and drives his open MG at a fast clip along rural lanes. Country squire during the daytime, O'Hara is a conscientious craftsman by night. He writes from midnight until dawn in a study filled with dictionaries, encyclopedias, and souvenirs of the past—John Held sketches of racoon-coated collegians, original illustrations for Fitzgerald's "Tender Is the Night," and cartoons from former *New Yorker* colleagues. A small plaque is a reminder of the 1955 National Book Award which he won for "Ten North Frederick."

In his checkered writing career, O'Hara has also collected a good many labels. He has been called a "barn-door writer," "hard-boiled author," and "a social commentator with a semi-snobbish point of view." As a boy in Pottsville, Pennsylvania (population 25,000), O'Hara lived on a farm, well stocked with five cars and five ponies. His father was a leading local surgeon and John was provided with all the proper accoutrements of a socially-qualified young man. When his father died, the O'Hara fortunes changed swiftly—no ponies, no farm, and no Yale for John. He went to work for a time on the local newspaper, bitterly begrudging his former classmates their college educations. "I went on the bum," recalled O'Hara. "I traveled out West, worked on a steamer, took a job in an amusement park. I wanted even then to be a writer." He had read Owen Johnson's Lawrenceville stories, identified himself with Tarkington's Penrod, and found his mentor in Scott Fitzgerald. "I was fascinated," he said, "by the small-town boy in the Ivy League world."

Eventually he came to New York, where he worked on newspapers and magazines. He was rewrite man, football editor, drama critic, religious writer, for *Time*, *The New Yorker*, the *Herald Tribune*, and half a dozen others. These were his hard-drinking days and no job lasted long. In 1933 he began to work on his first novel, using his bed for a desk. "When I got down to my last three dollars I wrote to Harcourt, Brace. They liked the chapters I sent them and paid me fifty dollars a week for six months until I finished it." "Appointment in Samarra" was an immediate success and Hollywood offered him a lucrative job as a scriptwriter.

For O'Hara the decade of the Thirties was a time of high living. He divided his time between Hollywood and New York, where as man-about-towns, he kept a couple of cars, a chauffeur, and duplex bachelor digs not far from his favorite nightspot, "21." He wrote "Butterfield 8," created the irrepressible "Pal Joey," and worked on now-forgotten movie scripts. War came and O'Hara went off to the Pacific as a correspondent.

"My writing took an upward turn after 'A Rage to Live' in 1948," said O'Hara. "When I wrote my earlier books, like 'Appointment,' I was in the farm clubs trying out for the Yankees. It was written from personal experience and emotion. As the years passed I matured and learned more about writing a novel. In 'Rage' I set difficult technical tasks for myself and in 'From the Terrace' they are even more difficult. Handling over a hundred characters in different times and at different places is a job in literary logistics. I don't rewrite and I don't outline. Newspaper work taught me to get it right the first time."

From his newspaper experience he learned to be a stickler for accuracy. In gathering material for "From the Terrace" he talked to anyone who had useful facts—bankers, lawyers, Navy men, flyers—and wrote dozens of letters to verify the smallest detail. He has countless responses to his queries for information about planes in World War I, the inner workings of Wall Street, the precise wording on a U.S. Navy death notice.

Admittedly O'Hara is pleased with his new novel. "It's the best thing I've done. The scope of it—fifty years of our country's most exciting history—is larger than anything I've tried before. Writing this novel demanded more wisdom, more patience, more craft, all of which comes from growing older," said O'Hara, who is fifty-three. "I thought about 'From the Terrace' for six years. It took me two years to write it. I feel I completed what I set out to do."

—ROLLENE WATERMAN.

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Long Road to the Center Court

"I Always Wanted to Be Somebody," by Althea Gibson, *edited by Ed Fitzgerald (Harper. 176 pp. $3.50), is the unvarnished account of a girl who nearly ended up a juvenile delinquent but became instead the current Queen of Wimbledon. Quentin Reynolds, who has written everything from sports stories to biography, reports on her book for us.*

By Quentin Reynolds

IN AUGUST 1957 Althea Gibson became the first Negro girl ever to win the Wimbledon tennis crown. After the final match was over, Queen Elizabeth made a gracious speech and presented her with the trophy. That evening Althea and the Australian, Lew Hoad, who had won the singles title, were guests of honor at the traditional Wimbledon Ball. Althea was seated next to the Duke of Devonshire, the master of ceremonies. It was a wonderful evening. When she returned to the home of her friend and ofttimes doubles partner, Angela Buxton, there were cables of congratulation from President Eisenhower, Governor Averell Harriman, Mayor Robert Wagner, Sugar Ray Robinson, and dozens of others.

The next day she took off for New York, which gave her one of its warmest ticker tape welcomes. Mayor Wagner gave a luncheon for her which was attended by most of the city's civic notables. A day later she flew to Chicago to play in the National Clay Courts tournament, which was held in what is usually called a "fashionable suburb." A magazine asked me to go out and get Althea's story. The suburb had only three hotels so I anticipated no trouble in locating the Queen of Wimbledon but, to my surprise, found that she was registered at none of them. A phone call to the people running the tournament brought forth the information that Althea Gibson was staying at a motel some twelve miles away. It was the only place the tourney officials (indignant and ashamed) said they could find which would take her in. Midnight had come for Cinderella, not in some small Mississippi town, but in liberal Greater Chicago.

This is one incident which the world's greatest woman tennis player did not mention in her autobiography, "I Always Wanted to Be Somebody." Perhaps she omitted it because she learned long ago that tennis royalty means little once you walk off the court, and she has schooled herself to accept the unpalatable fact without bitterness or rancor. She also has the comforting knowledge that among her best friends are the white men and women with whom she competes.

This is an amazingly candid book by a girl who is eloquently proud of being an American. It is "edited," not "ghosted," by sports writer Ed Fitzgerald—and an excellent job he has done. The language is the language Althea uses, and the frankness with which she speaks of her early life is not only refreshing but fascinating. She grew up in the asphalt jungle of Harlem, where you had to fight to survive—and Althea fought. She fought girls, tough boys, cops, and anyone else who got in her way. Surly, undisciplined, a hater of school, she might well have ended up as a female counterpart of today's juvenile delinquent if it hadn't been for a succession of adult friends who saw something in the youngster other than the rowdy street hoyden she appeared.

Althea Gibson during Chicago's National Clay Courts tournament, 1956—"Midnight had come for Cinderella."

The first was Buddy Walker, a musician who during the summer doubled as a supervisor of public playgrounds (which in Harlem merely meant roped-off streets). Watching Althea wallop the best paddle tennis players, he felt there was a potential in the girl. He bought her two second-hand tennis rackets for five dollars, arranged for her to learn the game at the Harlem River Tennis Courts, and thus a champion was born. The story of how Althea overcame the many handicaps of her stubbornness, her quick temper, her refusal to follow the advice of coaches, is a saga that will entrance the tennis aficionado. But Althea off the court will prove equally interesting to the reader who doesn't know a tennis racket from a pogo stick.

Sugar Ray Robinson and his wife, Edna Mae, befriended her, and Ray, finding that she liked music, bought her a saxophone. Later, the best Negro tennis players gave her lessons, and then two rather wonderful men—Dr. Hubert Eaton of Wilmington, North Carolina, and Dr. Robert W. Johnson of Lynchburg, Virginia, both first-rate players and enthusiasts—virtually adopted her. Living alternately with their families, she not only learned that tennis was more than a game in which you merely clobbered the ball angrily, but she discovered the world outside of New York City's Harlem.

Although she didn't like the Jim Crow rules of the South much, she stuck it out until she received a high school diploma and some recognition in the Negro tennis world. She found that white players were sympathetic and friendly (it was Alice Marble who helped her get launched in the big-time tennis league). However, it was years before she would play on the center court at Forest Hills or Wimbledon; she was invading an all-white world which no Negro had ever entered, but at long last she made it. She made it because as she says:

> I always wanted to be somebody. If I made it, it's half because I was game enough to take an awful lot of punishment along the way and half because there were an awful lot of people who cared enough to help me. I'm putting the real story of my life down here, just the way I lived it. If you get to thinking it isn't all pretty, remember I never said it was.

It isn't pretty but it is honest and frank and intimate and very much worth reading.

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And a Love Long After Gatsby

"Beloved Infidel: The Education of a Woman," by Sheilah Graham and Gerold Frank *(Holt. 338 pp. $3.95), is the memoir of a Hollywood columnist, who tells about her rise from a London slum, her nights behind the footlights, her years with Scott Fitzgerald.* SR's *motion-picture critic Hollis Alpert, who hopes to review the film version, first evaluates her book.*

By Hollis Alpert

IN "The Far Side of Paradise," a study of F. Scott Fitzgerald, Arthur Mizener devotes about a page to a description of Fitzgerald's relationship with "someone in Hollywood," a woman he fell in love with and who remained devoted to him for the last few years of his life. So important a relationship obviously deserved more than a page, and we can only guess at why the woman withheld details of those last poignant years and even refused to be named. Perhaps she had married and did not want a potentially embarrassing fact of her past raked up. Or she may have wanted to save the story for telling on her own. At any rate, we now have "Beloved Infidel," subtitled "The Education of a Woman," and written by the woman herself, Sheilah Graham, with the collaboration of Gerold Frank, already a collaborator of prominence from his assistance on "I'll Cry Tomorrow" and "Too Much, Too Soon."

The first half of "Beloved Infidel"—and the least interesting—describes the early career of Sheilah Graham, who was born Lily Sheil in a London slum. At age six she was put into an orphanage. At age eighteen she became a shopgirl, miraculously preserving her virtue through thick and thin. She turned down the hand in marriage, at nineteen, of a millionaire who had his beady eye on her young beauty, and married Major Gillam instead, a complaisant Britisher of good family who stood by while she dated titled stage-door Johnnies after she became a popular London showgirl. It seems "the free, uninhibited life of the theatre underlined the lack" in her marriage. Her husband fancied himself a journalist, but it was Sheilah who made the bylines when she wrote articles for the papers about her chorus girl experiences.

After having gay, hectic times with some of London's most eligible bachelors she decided to try her luck in America, landed a job with the North American Newspaper Alliance, and got assigned to the Hollywood beat. In Hollywood she met Fitzgerald, the very night she celebrated her engagement to the Marquess and Earl of Donegall (after having divorced husband number one). Her romance and affair with Fitzgerald, who was beginning his unsuccessful Hollywood career, is described in the kind of prose one usually associates with confession-type magazines.

Sample: "I thought, *this man is not forty, he is a young man, he is a college boy, he is utterly delightful.*" After her first romantic meeting with Scott she learns a little more about him, as follows: "He was married but his wife Zelda, a great beauty with whom he was very much in love, was in a mental institution and had been for some time. It was a tragic story. So that, I thought, lies behind the sad line of his mouth, explains the hint of melancholy lurking behind his reserve." A bit later Scott stands at her door saying goodby. "I wanted desperately to recapture the enchantment that had been and I heard myself whisper, 'Please don't go, come in.' "

At this point in the book it ought to be apparent to every movie producer that there are CinemaScopic possibilities here. Coincidentally, upon finishing the book I received a mimeographed message from Twentieth Century-Fox, announcing that the torrid love story was to be filmed by Jerry Wald. It will certainly include a sequence on the F. Scott Fitzgerald College of One, an effort on Fitzgerald's part to make up as fast as possible for his girl's lifetime habit of nonreading. It will probably also include some great and heart-rending drunk scenes, since they are described in thoroughgoing detail in the book. Miss Graham, to her great credit, stayed with him.

And, in spite of the syrupy prose style, her story has a certain value as an account of the last days of an author whose place in American letters is by now well established. He was a sick, desperate man, badly in debt, and striving until his last moment to make use of his remarkable talents. It is, of course, too bad that he must be remembered in this rather dreadful collaborative fashion, but Fitzgerald's life and posthumous career have been full of ironies. This book, it is to be hoped, is the last.

IT WAS THE BEST OF TIMES, those years before the Great War. Edward VII was called the Peacemaker and everybody loved the Gaiety Girls. James Laver's social history, **"Edwardian Promenade"** (Houghton Mifflin, $6.50), reminisces lavishly about this Age of Extravagance, when society preened itself at Melba's nights at Covent Garden, took the sun at stylish Deauville, and hooded young women, above, displayed the latest 1903 fashions for a motor jaunt. Some ladies were more serious-minded; like the militant suffragettes, below (Mrs. Pankhurst, center), who told their grievances to Mr. Asquith.

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Lovely Liberal

***"Lucretia Mott," by Otelia Cromwell** (Harvard University Press. 241 pp. $5), is the biography of a Quaker lady who managed to be both an avid reformer and the quintessence of femininity. Her history is reviewed by Elizabeth Gray Vining, author of the recently published "Friend of Life: The Biography of Rufus M. Jones."*

By Elizabeth Gray Vining

IN THIS fine biography Otelia Cromwell has taken as her theme Lucretia Mott's own words: "All these subjects of reform are kindred in their nature, and giving to each its proper consideration will tend to strength and nerve the mind for all." Slavery and women's rights spring to mind with the name of Lucretia Mott, but there was scarcely any reform movement of the nineteenth century in which she was not involved and to the furtherance of which she did not give impetus. She saw them all as interwoven and springing from the same roots.

Lucretia Coffin, born in Nantucket in 1793, educated at Nine Partners Boarding School near Poughkeepsie (where she became an assistant teacher at fifteen), married at eighteen to James Mott, and "recorded minister" in the Society of Friends at the age of twenty-eight, never sought leadership in the reform movements; it was thrust upon her. At the convention which inaugurated the National Anti-Slavery Society in 1833 she rose to venture a suggestion—and set her feet upon an irrevocable path.

Years of activity in the Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society led to her being sent as a delegate to the General Convention in London in 1840. Disbarred from that as a woman, she struck up a friendship with Elizabeth Cady Stanton, another rejected delegate, and out of this association came the epoch-making Convention for Women's Rights in Seneca Falls, N.Y., in 1848. Membership in the Non-Resistance Society, the Temperance Society, the Free Religious Association, the Pennsylvania Peace Society, the Universal Peace Union, the Equal Rights Association, and the Radical Club of Boston followed over a period of years. Everywhere that she spoke —and it would appear that she spoke everywhere—she stressed the same points: freedom for all, equal opportunity in education, employment and remuneration for labor, equality before the law, especially in regard to the rights of married women to property and to the guardianship of their children, and universal suffrage.

—*From the book.*

The dazzling Comtesse Henri Greffulhe, whose celebrated beauty inspired Proust's portrait of the Duchesse de Guermantes.

As a personality Lucretia Mott is surely the most appealing of all female reformers. Indeed the very phrase, female reformer, conjures up a formidable figure as opposite as possible to the woman whom Emerson described as "so lovely, so liberal, so refining." Domestic (she was a famous housekeeper and a tender and devoted mother), fragile, beautiful, and gentle, she said again and again, "Our weapons are spiritual weapons . . . To prejudice we oppose love; to moral corruption, spiritual purity; to the spirit of slavery, the spirit of repentance."

This careful, thorough, well-written biography by a woman who has given more than fourteen years to the task is timely as well as interesting. The work of Lucretia Mott for Negroes is still not finished. She opposed the laying down of the Anti-Slavery Society after the Emancipation Proclamation on the grounds that education and the ballot were still to be won for the freed slaves. It is good to be reminded now, when desegregation has taken the place of slavery as a burning issue, that Lucretia Mott "regarded intemperance, religious intolerance, human slavery, and the wrongs imposed on women as being forms of social injustice, growing, as she put it, from warped thinking. To her there could be no peace in the world until all the evils, interlocked, were abated. Her philosophy and her religion embraced the quest for the ideal of an all-comprehending justice, and seemingly she had the strength to pursue the many-sided ideal."

The "Social Hours"

***"Marcel Proust: A Biography," by Richard H. Barker** (Criterion. 372 pp. $6.50), relies for the most part on printed documents by and about the French novelist. Justin O'Brien, a lecturer on contemporary French literature at Columbia University, who has brought out several studies of Proust during the last twenty years, considers Mr. Barker's endeavor.*

By Justin O'Brien

MARCEL PROUST could not possibly have known what a pitifully petty, maddeningly selfish, woefully sick individual he was. But he had a suspicion of all this. Consequently he held the theory that the artist and the social creature who bear the same name stand worlds apart and that nothing we can learn about the external envelope of Wagner or Baudelaire or Van Gogh has the slightest relation to his work. This is in part why he troubled to create a novelist, a composer, and a painter among his characters, each ridiculous or contemptible as a social man and each supreme as a creator. This explains why he bothered to write a whole volume against the method of Sainte-Beuve—which Sylvia Townsend Warner recently translated beautifully under the title of "Marcel Proust on Art and Literature."

Now, Mr. Richard H. Barker—who is aware of Proust's insistence in "Jean Santeuil" and in "Contre Sainte-Beuve" on this conflict between life and work—states: "My own account of Proust is based chiefly on his letters, on articles and volumes of memoirs written by his friends, and on contemporary newspapers and magazines." Hence, relying for the most part on printed documents, he tells us of Proust's violent quarrels with his mother, of his "ominous disturbances in the bowels," of his shameless flattery of the snobbish poet Montesquiou, of his abject crawling before a literary critic, of his unreasonable petulance toward his publishers, of his malicious remarks at the dinner table, and of his homosexual attachments.

Such details, which complete our picture of an insufferable person, have long been known to those who have read over the years as they appeared the sources used by Mr. Barker. Earlier biographies and studies of Proust, such as those by André Maurois, Harold March, and Germaine

(*Continued on page* 34)

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EDUCATION

Plight of Professors During the "Difficult Years"

Undertaken to secure data that could be the basis for intelligent social action, ***"The Academic Mind: Social Scientists in a Time of Crisis," by Paul F. Lazarsfeld and Wagner Thielens, Jr.,*** *with a Field Report by David Riesman (Free Press. 460 pp. $6.50), is a study made in 1955 of how 2,451 educators reacted to the counter-subversive pressures associated with the late Senator Joseph McCarthy. The inquiry is examined by Louis M. Hacker, who, until recently, was dean of the School of General Studies of Columbia University. He was executive head of the Academic Freedom Project and a member of the Academic Freedom Committee of the American Civil Liberties Union during the McCarthy era. Now chairman of the Academic Freedom Committee, he is a member of the national board of the American Civil Liberties Union.*

By LOUIS M. HACKER

PROFESSOR Paul F. Lazarsfeld of Columbia University and his associate of the university's Bureau of Applied Social Research, Wagner Thielens, Jr., have done us an important service; for this is a pioneer study—using the statistical techniques Professor Lazarsfeld has played such a large part in developing for the examination of social behavior—of what a representative sample of college and university teachers thought and felt about an important public question.

The inquiry was made in the spring of 1955, at the request of the Fund for the Republic, just at the end of the so-called "difficult years"; the subject was academic freedom. In all, 2,451 social scientists in 165 institutions of higher learning, of various sizes and foundations, answered a large number of questions put to them from a formal schedule by a group of trained interviewers. The results were analyzed tabularly and in a series of correlations to ascertain the attitudes (and in what varying degrees) of college teachers to the pressures they were under from the outside world and within their own communities when McCarthyism was terrorizing the country. The purpose of the study, says the Preface, "was to obtain information which could form the basis for intelligent social action."

The authors have learned for the first time, and tell us here in this book, a good deal about university people—their educations, productive labors, family origins and backgrounds, associations, political habits—and while these data are ancillary to their main interest, they nevertheless constitute a fascinating portrait of the academic in America, as well as the image he has created himself in terms of his feelings, doubts, and occasional defiances. Space here permits only a discussion of the chief intention of the authors: how the college teachers—and the administrators of their institutions—responded when suddenly under attack.

The statistical record in itself is deeply disquieting. In these 165 institutions there were reported by the respondents 990 different incidents of administrative action (the majority of these because of political belief or conduct) which led to some 188 dismissals, forty forced resignations, 118 withheld promotions, and ninety-nine other forms of discipline. Dismissals occurred in 102 out of the 165 institutions surveyed. In consequence, the surveyors say flatly that not only did at least one-half of those interviewed detect a decline in intellectual or academic freedom; worse still, pressures, suspicion, and hostility created states of mind which had deleterious psychological and social consequences.

Teachers reported that they regarded their esteem in the outside world as low; and some paid back for this condescension or even contempt by voting for Stevenson in 1952, by reading "controversial" journals, and by being members of "controversial" (none leftist) organizations. At the same time they openly admitted their apprehensiveness of retaliation and their resort to precautionary devices to allay criticism, censure, and the threat of dismissal.

This last represents the dreariest aspect of the survey's findings. Within the classrooms (in part because they were distrustful of their students!)

"Believe me, Myrna—if I were a success I'd be insufferable!"

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teachers qualified, equivocated, and compromised their work and personal integrity; outside, they withdrew from the community at large, eschewing political participation and public appearances and giving up subscriptions to magazines and memberships in organizations that were looked upon as in a way nonconformist.

It is true that in superior institutions, university teachers felt freer to be what the surveyors called permissive, or articulate and even forward about their representations and associations. Administrations were less likely to buckle under pressures or to interfere in the classrooms. Yet even here the record was a mixed one; for so-called incidents occurred more frequently in the first-rate universities, so that the authors could say, "What was really under attack was the quality of American education"; while in publicly-supported schools, outstanding as well as inferior, political clamor led to the abandonment of faculty members under fire by their administrative spokesmen.

The unhappy consequences were many: in the effects on the individual's frame of mind (that he was helpless in the face of this massing of hostility toward himself and his work); and in the disordered relations in his own world because of student rejection, his own cowardice vis à vis colleagues under attack, and the want of boldness of college presidents and deans. The authors are reluctant to draw conclusions but every now and then their own concern breaks through their elaborate statistical fabric.

It is idle to assume that because McCarthy is dead the witch hunting is over and that the professor in America again will be unhampered in his pursuit, in the classroom and beyond it, of his examination of the ideas and activities that make for a free society. In 1958 once more we are being told—this time by a ranking Army officer—that the "advanced state of Soviet technology is due more to Soviet success in espionage and subversion than it is to their scientific apparatus." If the teacher in America does not take immediate steps to build up his own constituency—to obtain assistance and defense, as organized business and labor have done—by action and not by sentiment and association alone, then the restraints and corrosions he was forced to suffer in the "difficult years" have only been temporarily checked.

It is at this point—in the field of action, or the political life—that the inquiries of Messrs. Lazarsfeld and Thielens have been least helpful; and it is doubtful whether the social program the Fund for the Republic was interested in is much illuminated by their findings. It is not enough to report that college teachers voted for the Democratic Party or were members of "controversial" organizations. Were they active in them, and in every civic body available to them, and did they in season and out raise questions about academic freedom? (We know, for example, that during these years of stress it was not the Association of University Professors —of which, incidentally, only half of the respondents were members—that worked out a code for fair hearings and the observance of due process for teachers being charged with real or fancied offenses, but the Academic Freedom Committee of the American Civil Liberties Union.)

To what extent did they seek out and cultivate alumni and parents—instead of leaving these relations to hired functionaries? Did they openly support student organizations when these tried to maintain free newspapers and platforms? Did they ask for fuller participation in the conduct of the affairs of their universities and, in fact, for representation on governing bodies and before public officials who, because they controlled university financial policy, could always call the tune to which presidents and deans danced with such alacrity? Such questions were not asked; if they had been, the Fund for the Republic might have known what to propose to accomplish its purpose.

But this can be said: if universities are to be free, it is up to the professors themselves to make them so: their protest votes and the occasional raising of defiant voices are slender reeds of support against indifference and, in time of stress, hostility. Academic freedom and academic due process can be assured only if an articulate community, created and constantly nurtured by the professors, exists to defend them and if formal codes of procedure are written into university regulations to define unequivocally rights and responsibilities. At the heart of the matter are these two hard facts: professors have been slow to act as citizens within and without the university; and they have permitted its complete governance to fall into the hands of nonacademic trustees and regents, legislative authorities and an ever-growing body of university administrators—who both apply and succumb to pressures when times are out of joint.

When universities are directed largely by the professors—backed up by their own constituency—academic freedom in America and academic prestige will have a much better chance of being secure in and outside of "difficult years."

Untampered Teaching

"The Climate of Learning," by Ordway Tead *(Harper. 62 pp. $2.50), scrutinizes present-day attitudes and trends in the country's colleges. Dr. Tead's findings are summarized by Claude M. Fuess, headmaster emeritus of Phillips Academy, who has written numerous books on education.*

By Claude M. Fuess

THIS unpretentious but close-packed volume is an amplification of the first John Dewey Society Lecture delivered early this year in Chicago. The author, who has been chairman of New York City's Board of Higher Education, is regarded as an authority in his field. His book is not, however, an exposition of the Dewey educational philosophy, but rather a searching examination, without bias or bitterness, of current attitudes and trends in American colleges. Some of the numerous subtopics will indicate the purpose and tone of the book: "Why Focus on Learning?," "How Achieve Better Learning?," "Learning Analyzed," "The Need for Leadership," "The Selection of Students," "The Importance of Guidance," "Student-Faculty Relations," "The Uses of Testing," "Learning How versus Learning What." In covering a wide field, Dr. Tead poses a dozen or more problems, and his readers will find themselves constantly stimulated.

Dr. Tead regrets the widespread anti-intellectualism which has led the average college undergraduate of the 1950s to despise what he calls the "Brain"; and he knows, out of his own experience, that for some years it has been the Big Man on Campus (B.M.-O.C.) who has been recognized as the potential Organization Man—a theory which the recruiting representatives of great corporations have helped to foster. A recent article in *Look* magazine states that in a good American high school the normal senior studies "around an hour and a half for each school day." In this connection Dr. Tead makes some illuminating comments. He points out, for example, that students in professional institutions like M.I.T. and Harvard Medical School need no artificial motivation but represent "self-drive toward competence." The same is true, of course, of intercollegiate athletics. In these areas competitors spend themselves unstintedly, knowing that failure spells career disaster. Unfortunately, such a stimulus has seemed to be lacking in the humanities.

Many observers have watched with

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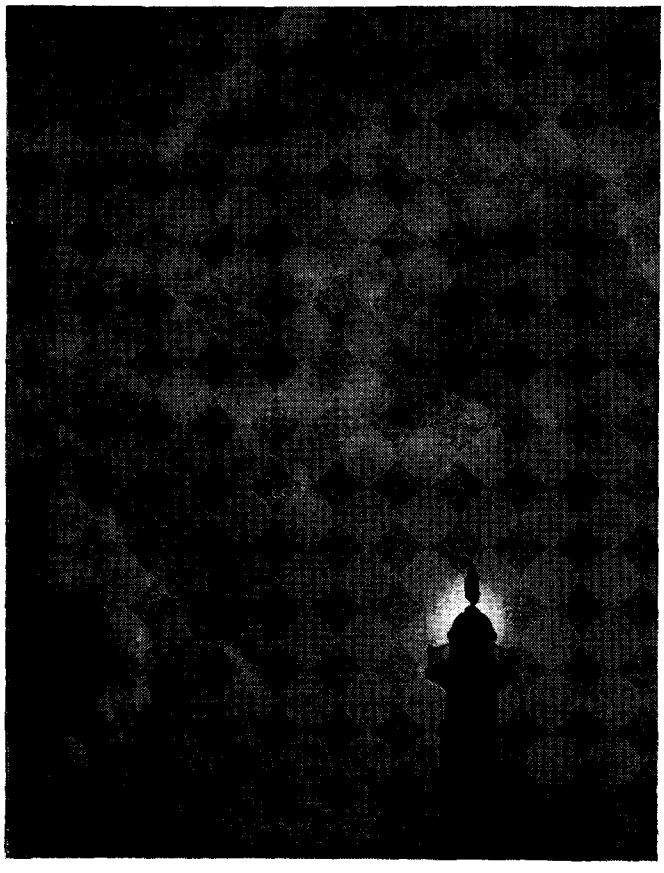
alarm a deterioration in intellectual standards in our country and a declining respect for superior mental attainment. Dr. Tead thinks that our collegiate "climate of learning" might be improved if campus administrators defined their objectives more clearly and displayed warmer leadership. If the presidents and deans cooperate in promoting the right programs, their enthusiasm sifts down to the undergraduates. He asserts, quite correctly, that faculty, student, and trustee groups are often dubious about a "tough" curricular requirement, and by various means try to avert or mollify it. He is aware that human nature has seemed recently to be less rugged than it was in the days when ambitious country lads worked their hard, homespun way to a bachelor's degree. Furthermore he knows that the long-prevalent anti-intellectualism in the United States, which at times has been very corrosive, will not be altered immediately by any series of corrective measures, however wisely conceived. But some portents indicate that the American people have begun to think on these things. Dr. Tead and I know at least one small New England college where imaginative leadership has already accomplished wonders in raising the level of attainment. I like his statement, "A program of free, untrammeled but committed learning in the appropriate areas is the apotheosis of a democratic fulfillment"; and I hope that he is right in feeling that "the climate of learning in higher education is clearing and promises fair." At any rate, it is a pleasure to read a book on education in which nobody is denounced as an "educationist" and which is so realistically constructive.

"SAY YES" ROOMS: Education is decentralized in the United States. Therefore thousands of groups of laymen on school boards in small municipalities have to make decisions on curriculum, teaching methods, and building programs. The dissemination of doctrine by our schools of education has made the first two kinds of decision easy for these laymen, but they have had little professional guidance on their building problems, which have been especially hard in these postwar years that have brought sprouting suburbs and forty-five million new babies. Now, in a conscientious attempt to fill that gap, the Aluminum Corporation of America has sponsored a layman's guide on how to locate, design, finance, and build schoolhouses.

Bound in blue denim like the bejeaned pupils whose needs and likes the book so forcefully presents, written with clarity and verve, illustrated with hundreds of superb photographs of new school buildings and their sprightly occupants, **"Schoolhouse"** (Simon & Schuster, $10) is a magnificent job. After a warning in the Foreword that its pages should be used by laymen as a "vocabulary list" in talking to architects and educators, the book unfolds a complete course in school construction, from how to find out what children like in a school (they like toilets the right size, rooms that "say yes," and weeping willow trees, among other things) to the relative virtues of heating with thick, cheap number six fuel oil or light, distilled, expensive number two. Along the way, advice is given on how to choose an architect, how to finance the building, and how to select from the thousands of new wrinkles in lighting, plumbing, space-planning, structure, acoustics, partitions, and furniture your own school needs.

Perhaps the most interesting of these sections is an actual case history of how a school bond election in Winfield, Kansas, was fought out and won over the opposition of tax-fearful town merchants. A book like "Schoolhouse" can do much to arm both sides in those battles, so that their informed conflict can produce both what their communities need and can afford. Architect-editor Walter McQuade, ALCOA, and the cooperating architectural firm of Eggers and Higgins deserve a vote of thanks from everyone interested in school construction.

—THOMAS E. COONEY.



PARIS, PAST AND PRESENT, is presented in a handsome book edited by Robert Laffont, **"The Illustrated History of Paris and the Parisians"** (Doubleday, $20). In some 1,000 photographs, drawings, and maps, "the glory of France" is pictured through its long and colorful past. Above, Daumier's engraving tells the bitter tale of the 1834 massacre of citizens by government troops along the Rue Transnonain; left, Carpeaux's dancers adorn the facade of the Paris Opéra; and far left, an imperious Napoleon, in the robes of Caesar, keeps a silent vigil atop the Vendome column.

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Saturday Review

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Of Nonsense and Nematodes

NONSENSE is on stage and the stage is the world. A giant panda, one of the largest and most valuable of its kind, has been barred from the United States because it comes from Communist China. Zoos in this country have offered up to $25,000 for the clown of the raccoon family, but various restrictions having to do with Communist China prevent the panda from entering the United States. Meanwhile, the animal is appearing in zoos throughout Europe without any noticeable threat to the internal security of the nations involved.

In the Soviet Union, one of the world's great writers committed an apparently subversive act by being awarded the world's most important literary prize. The Soviet Union of Writers was willing to put up with Boris Pasternak despite the independent nature of his work, but the moment he received the Nobel Prize he was expelled from the union and denounced as a traitor. The implication is clear that writers in the Soviet can write about anything they wish so long as they do so with genuine mediocrity.

Meanwhile, the glossary of nonsense in the twentieth century is being constantly enriched. Now, in addition to words like "clean" to describe a supposedly radioactive-free nuclear explosive, or "sunshine units" to describe the amount of radiation exposure for human beings, we have the term "tiny" to describe a newly developed H-Bomb. A commander of the Air Force in the U.S. broke the good news that a "tiny" hydrogen bomb had been perfected that can be carried by a fighter plane. The bomb will of course contain the equivalent of several billion pounds of dynamite, enough to pulverize a city, but it now comes in the convenient and cozy fighter-plane size. People who are used to thinking of the word "tiny" to describe little children will have to make a minor adjustment.

It is curious to see the way nonsense is attracted to power, as though this were its natural habitat. In the Far East, the Chinese Communists pursued a combined policy of murder and mercy for one month towards the occupants of Quemoy and Matsu. Bombing and brotherhood were tied together as a unified program. On Monday the people on the islands would be shelled. But on Tuesday the shelling would cease and the people would be encouraged to entrench themselves and receive supplies. Indeed, if the food ran short, they had only to ask the mainland and it would be supplied. If this policy of now-we-will-kill-you, now-we-won't made sense to the islanders, they made no mention of it.

Almost by way of establishing a grim consistency, the head of the Chinese Communist Party announced that his country could not be intimidated by the threat of nuclear war. He was willing to admit that 300 million Chinese might be killed in such a war. Even so, he said, there would be 300 million left. Something else would be left. The people would have their memories. They would have memories of the missing from among their families and friends. They would also have memories of a world that had turned against itself.

But Communist China isn't the only nation that feels obliged to pronounce such nonsense to the world. In the United States, officers of the State Department have openly declared that our main security is to be found in our willingness to risk all-out nuclear war. Fortunately, there are still a few people left in government who believe that for our safety we must look to world control of nuclear weapons rather than to nuclear stockpiles. What these people say makes sense, but the surrounding sounds of nonsense are rapidly becoming louder.

Commissioner Willard F. Libby of the United States Atomic Energy Commission, for example, spoke dangerous nonsense the other day to Mayor Norris Poulson of Los Angeles. Mayor Poulson was deeply alarmed about the shock radioactive fallout that took place over his city as the result of the recent beat-the-deadline Nevada nuclear tests. He telephoned Commissioner Libby who told him, in effect, to forget it. But Mayor Poulson wouldn't forget it. The fallout had soared far beyond the danger limits set by the Atomic Energy Commission itself. There was a real threat to the health of his people. Mayor Poulson regarded what Dr. Libby said as casual and callous handling of an important problem. In any event, Dr. Libby has made it clear that his job is to make and test the bombs, and not theorize about ways in which people can counteract the effects of the resultant radiation in their water, milk, and bones.

ALL these incidents are not something out of the fiendish tales of a bygone era of ghouls but a characteristic feature of an age, our age, in which absolute force and absolute nonsense attract one another and are being made dominant in human affairs. The unholy alliance seems to assert itself wherever vast force appears, almost as though the very nature of the force divides the human community into the sane and the insane and confers upon the latter the privileges of rule. Indeed, there is a blighting quality to the power, for once-reasonable men who come in contact with it seemingly become transfixed by it and take easily and freely to the language of nonsense that belongs to the power.

By way of lending grim point to the consequences of invested nonsense, we read a report from the U.S. Department of Agriculture which says that the nematode, a species of plant-worm or parasite, carries within itself a mysterious ability to resist harm from radiation. Man, puny creature, gets into trouble when he is exposed to doses of 300 roentgens or more. But the nematode can take up to 600,000 units of radiation. Man need not therefore fear that his nonsense will empty life from this earth. If man doesn't want the world the nematode is perfectly willing to take it.—N. C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

STRUGHOLD DEFENSE

BEFORE DR. HUBERTUS STRUGHOLD left San Antonio on August 12, to attend the congress of the International Astronautical Federation in Amsterdam, I showed him the letter of Mr. Julian Bach, Jr. (*SR* Aug. 9). Dr. Strughold was too busy with preparations for his departure to decide then what he would do about the letter on his return. However, he did discuss the content of it briefly.

Mr. Bach states that Dr. Strughold, during World War II, was head of the Aviation Medical Research Department of the German Air Ministry, which sent a low-pressure chamber to Dachau for human experimentation. The letter implies that Dr. Strughold was aware of these experiments, and that they were carried out by his subordinates, with his consent and at least tacit approval.

Mr. Bach is wholly mistaken in the assumption that these experiments involved Dr. Strughold or his subordinates in any way.

Medical research in the German Air Force at that time was organized on much the same plan followed by the U.S. Air Force today. The Air Ministry had a research and development department (equivalent to our Air Research and Development Command) with its own medical units and personnel. Basic or "pure" medical research—as opposed to developmental work for devices such as flying suits—was a separate function, under the Air Surgeon.

The persons who conducted the experiments described by Mr. Bach were affiliated with the medical developmental department of the Luftwaffe. Dr. Strughold, on the contrary, was head of the Aeromedical Research Institute of Berlin, which included the various units devoted to basic research, and had no connection whatever with the experiments in applied research mentioned by Mr. Bach, or with any other human experiments using prisoners at Dachau or anywhere else.

I am entirely in sympathy with your desire, and Mr. Bach's, to keep alive the memory of the tortures undergone by prisoners in Nazi concentration camps. However, when a scientist of Dr. Strughold's stature and humanity is linked with these tortures, solely on the grounds that he was conducting medical research of a different kind for the German Air Force at that time, I am compelled to protest that Mr. Bach is employing the late Senator Joseph McCarthy's malicious technique of "guilt by association."

The question whether Dr. Strughold had been connected in any way with these revolting experiments was thoroughly explored by Allied investigators at the Nürnberg Trials. He was completely and unconditionally cleared of any such connection. I would suggest that Mr. Bach withdraw his unfair and unfounded reference to Dr. Strughold.

GREEN PEYTON WERTENBAKER.

San Antonio, Tex.

MEMORIAL POEM

FOR BETTER or for worse N.C.'s article on the Ravensbrueck Lapins (*SR* June 28) moved me to write this poem.

ERNEST G. HEISSENBUTTEL.

Greenville, Pa.

A Stone for Ravensbrueck

Here let us set a stone, here where so many died!
Not for the dead the reminiscent stone,
Not for the desperate dead who died half mad;
Not for those saints who with phylactery
And ancient prayerbooks went bravely hence;
Not for those beaten men with pain upon their heads,
Plodding on bleeding feet to death;
Not for these men the stone.

But for the savage whip, the inhuman grasp,
The swift plunge into Chaos and old Night,
To those sad, rude beginnings of mankind,
To the low forehead and the hanging arms,
To the fabled serpent curled across man's path!

A stone, a reminiscent stone for these,
These votaries of Moloch at their trade,
Observing at the pyre, with stench of flesh,
A resurrected nightmare in the brain,
Sweeping, as in the twinkling of an eye,
Five thousand years of dreaming into dust!

For these the stone, and for ourselves the stone,
Lest we forget that in our flesh—here, now—
Despite the long way up, is still the dark;
Lest our heel slip from off the serpent's head,
And animosities, long held in leash,
Break to the scent of blood across the land.

For us, for all mankind, this stone,
This reminiscent stone!

MR. BACH REPLIES

NO ONE EVER said that Dr. Strughold was personally involved in Nazi experiments on human beings. If at the Nürnberg Trials he was also cleared of having had subordinates who were implicated, so much the better. Intelligence reports from the field in 1945 had raised the question.

I do not believe I have ever fallen into the error of assuming that every German engaged in medical research during the War was an accomplice of Heinrich Himmler. That would be rubbish. But, if we are going to get onto that subject, it should be realized that, like most murder cycles, these Nazi medical murders had a snowballing effect. The German doctors concerned commenced with a limited number of human "subjects," but as each new test raised newer complications and questions they inescapably enlarged the number, both of the "subjects" and the tests.

As part of the same murderous cycle, other German scientists, originally shocked by the mere mention of the experiments, became in time dissatisfied with their own legitimate experiments on animals and, as in the case of Dr. A. G. Weltz, Director of the Institute for Research in German Aviation Medicine in Munich, ended up in trying to substitute Russian POWs for shaved cats.

This snowballing immorality was intensified by the appearance at scientific gatherings of scientists, already engaged in "human guinea pig" experiments, who by discussing their activities morally implicated other German scientists who felt disinclined or powerless to protest. An example is that of Prof. Dr. F. H. Rein, an outstanding physiologist at Göttingen. At an informal gathering incidental to a medical conference in Nürnberg in October 1952, Dr. Rein was approached in a challenging manner by Dr. Sigmund Rascher (the No. 1 experimenter on human beings in Nazidom). "You think you are a human physiologist and you have just published a book entitled 'Human Physiology'," said Dr. Rascher, "but all you ever did was work on guinea pigs and mice. I am the only one in this whole crowd who really does and knows human physiology because I experiment on humans." The statement is that of Dr. Rein.

JULIAN BACH, JR.

New York, N. Y.

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Critical Quackery

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by Theodore L. Shaw

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

The Dhéry Air

WHEN a foreign musical entertainment comes here, its importers must ask themselves if it will meet the surface requirements of a Broadway musical hit. Does it have the nervous New York tempo? Is it delivered with a confident loudness and bristling energy which will make the audience believe something tremendous is going on? If it has these qualities, it will overcome almost any deficiency. If it does not, it is apt to be judged "not enough."

Fortunately, **"La Plume de Ma Tante"** is filled with quickness and noise. And its author and master of ceremonies, Robert Dhéry, has made his collation of pure silliness stick by means of inventiveness, deft delivery, and lack of presumption. The people in "La Plume de Ma Tante" have one thing in common. They are—like *New Yorker* cartoon figures—resigned to the fact that absurdity and befuddlement are a necessary part of life. When near the beginning of the show Collette Brosset screams, "Don't touch me!" and then adds as a note of explanation, "I'm a woman," it is the perfect non-sequitur. When an angry gendarme is given a C instead of a C-plus in bicycle drill, he snarls at his superior officer like a chained dog. This exaggerated response to a minor injustice is doubly funny because it baffles the superior officer in his efforts to impress the audience with his expert discipline.

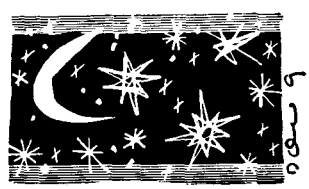
M. Dhéry's inventions seldom build up into a punch line. Rather, each sketch lifts the lid on a new comic idea, shows it to us for no longer than it can remain funny, and then puts it away abruptly. M. Dhéry has a particular flair for permutations. In a ballroom scene he explores the possibilities of sending guests behind a pillar with one appearance and a tenth of a second later having them emerge with another. A few sketches later he postulates a row of shower stalls, one of which contains a pretty girl, and another a bald-headed old roué. The roué discovers that if he slams his gate it will cause her gate to flip open. But he cannot reach the necessary vantage point in time if he slams the gate himself. His attempts to solve this little problem are hilarious.

And as a great first-act finale M. Dhéry has taken the simplest of situations—four monks, four bell-ropes, and the French nursery song "Frères-Jacques." But he adds to this a comic verb, namely that one of the monks regards his bell-rope as a jitterbug partner. Soon the others join in and the joint is jumping.

In the second act there is a sketch which has long been a standard in vaudeville: the rebellious orchestra whose conductor is forced to dismiss one member after another for misdemeanors. There is nothing new in this except that here, as in the rest of the show, the performers remain real people in an absurd situation which they take seriously. This is the secret of "La Plume de Ma Tante's" ability not to let-down when the material slackens off, as it does occasionally. It makes a show of absolutely no substance into a warmly entertaining evening.

OFF-BROADWAY the task for musicals is easier in that off-Broadway audiences are willing to give themselves to a show, rather than insisting that the show overpower them. **"Salad Days,"** by Julian Slade and Dorothy Reynolds, is a traditional British musical comedy in which a young couple of wealthy upper-class families rough it for a month. During this period they entertain the lower classes with a magical piano that makes everyone dance and release their inhibitions. It is trivial stuff, self-consciously clever and whimsically romantic. But Barry Morse's production, which is far superior to the one I saw in London, makes "Salad Days" into an infectiously light-headed couple of hours for anyone who wants to leave daily cares behind. The score is pleasant and a young and fresh cast gives surehanded performances. "Salad Days" also features the pun of the year. A flying saucer has landed and its assistant operator is asked how it works. He replies, "I don't know. I'm only a saucerer's apprentice." On Broadway, "Salad Days" would be nipped in the bud. But at the Barbizon Plaza it should flower blithely for a full season.

—HENRY HEWES.



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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

As the Girls Go

BY A curious coincidence, two of the more interesting new films currently on view might be termed special pleaders. One, **"Home Before Dark"** (Warners), is an intelligent, well-argued plea for a greater understanding of the problems facing those just released from mental hospitals; the other, **"I Want to Live"** (United Artists), is as impassioned an argument against capital punishment as we are ever likely to get from Hollywood. To press the coincidence a bit farther, both films state their cases through the harrowing experiences of a handsome and sympathetic heroine—and in both instances the stars provide the major source of strength for their film's effectiveness.

"I Want to Live," produced by Walter Wanger, is based on an actual case that claimed a great deal of newspaper space out on the West Coast a few years ago. Barbara Graham, a pretty, vicious, sharp-tongued party girl with a record that included everything from petty larceny to pushing narcotics, was indicted for complicity in a particularly brutal robbery and murder. Although the girl maintained her innocence to the end, and much of the evidence against her was not only circumstantial but suspect—the strongest was an alibi provided by a "friend" who was in fact a police detective—the newspapers were screaming for her blood with such vehemence that her conviction was virtually assured. Convicted she was, and in June of 1953 Barbara Graham became the first woman to be gassed in the death chamber at San Quentin.

The remarkable thing is that, once Miss Graham was convicted, several of the very newspapermen who had filed the most sensational copy began to reconsider. New evidence was turned up. A psychiatrist, after prolonged examination, declared her incapable of the crime. Guards, nurses, and inmates of the various prisons to which she was committed went on record as doubting her guilt. Today, five years after her execution, committees are still fighting to clear her name. One of the most prominent fighters is Ed Montgomery of the *San Francisco Examiner*, author of the book and screenplay on which this film is based. Montgomery feels that there was ample room for the jury to have returned a verdict of reasonable doubt. The film makes that reasonable doubt almost a certainty.

Not that "I Want to Live" makes any attempt to whitewash Barbara Graham. On the contrary, as portrayed by Susan Hayward at her intense best, she was obviously a tough nut for any police department to crack. But our legal system was not devised to punish the habitual criminal for his accumulated misdemeanors; above all, the death sentence must be imposed for a specific crime. Any misuse of that dread power calls into question the whole moral basis for capital punishment. And that is exactly what this film has set out to do. After sketching in Barbara Graham's character and crimes and the murder trial in which she was convicted, it concentrates on the psychological horror of the prisoner awaiting death—including the grim details of the preparation of the death chamber. Its inhumanity, the scientific precision of a state execution, is in itself shocking. When linked to a presumption of innocence, it becomes the forthright indictment of an entire system.

IN "Home Before Dark," based on a novel by Eileen Bessing, Jean Simmons plays a young woman just released from a mental institution who returns to the very conditions that produced her breakdown a year earlier—a cold and selfish husband, a nagging stepmother, and an attractive step-sister of whom she is instinctively jealous. The interplay of these personalities upon the heroine's delicate mental state produces a superabundance of talk (the film runs well over two hours); but the talk is both frank and enlightened, and the result is a film that departs widely from Hollywood's more familiar mental health myths. For one thing, the mental hospital is not presented as a cure-all; at best, the film stresses, it can merely help the patient to face his problems.

What raises this film far above the level of tract or treatise are the performances that Mervyn LeRoy has drawn from his entire cast, but particularly from Jean Simmons as the insecure, uncertain, frightened girl determined to keep her precarious hold on sanity. It is a complex characterization, far more difficult in its shadings and balances than Miss Hayward's in "I Want to Live." But both actresses bring to their roles the intensity and color that make their films alive and affecting.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Von Karajan in Command—Japanese "Butterfly"

HERBERT VON KARAJAN conducted an American orchestra for the first time at his debut with the New York Philharmonic, but the results were qualitatively of the same order as on his previous appearances in Carnegie Hall with the Berlin Philharmonic and the London Philharmonia. Whether the musicians are German or English or, as in the case of the Philharmonic, Russian, Hungarian, Italian, and American, Karajan is master of himself, the men, and more often than not the music.

The methods vary somewhat according to the elements involved, even as a general deploys his forces differently according to whether they are mechanized, mounted, or merely foot cavalry. But there is the same sure knowledge of terrain, of tactics, and of the techniques to achieve the desired objectives. By contrast to some other maestri, past and present, whose inclinations tend to the domineering, cajoling, despotic, hopeful, or frenzied, Karajan prefers the somewhat mystical one of self-identification with the players as they perform. It is as though, through his own attitude, he would impress upon the Philharmonic's members that they should listen to each other as well as executing their own part adequately. He had the greatest success, in a program of Webern, Mozart, and Strauss, in the latter's "Heldenleben."

This was Strauss not only of substance but also of subtelty, in which the normal resistance to such a debatable effect as the "Battle Music" (depicting the Hero's wars against his adversaries) was overwhelmed by Karajan's larger-than-life affirmation. In other words, rather than compromising the composer's purpose by an apologetic refinement of its frontal assault, Karajan intensified the sense of audacity in the effect and thus made the stronger case for it. The execution did not always reflect the greatest credit on the orchestra, whose horns were rarely equal (as a section) to the dramatic flourishes Strauss asks for, and whose assistant concertmaster Michael Rosenker failed to improve the opportunity afforded him in the violin solos when John Corrigliano reported ill. At the Saturday night broadcast and Sunday matinee, the order of effort improved with Corrigliano's return.

Turning from the relatively simple problem of Strauss to the more challenging one of Mozart (C major, "Jupiter," symphony), Karajan evoked a brighter, cleaner sound from the Philharmonic strings than is customary in a well-studied effort—along certain lines. Purity of line and fidelity to text are paramount in Karajan's Mozart if not the strongest sense of the implicit as well as the explicit. The slow movement and minuet were beautifully plastic, but the deliberation of the opening and the speed of the finale raised some aural eyebrows. As the latter is marked *allegro molto*, the burden of proof would be on the players, not the conductor. As for the opening movement, it showed in sharp relief Karajan's tendency to conduct sections for themselves rather than molding an overal line, and thus tended to disintegrate into fragments. The Philharmonic's strings are not gaited for the virtuoso effects of Webern's Op. 5 pieces, which were precisely outlined by the leader, but fumbled in the execution. As they run the usual duodecaphonic gamut from ague to zyz and back again, the incidental lapses were not esthetically anguishing.

For its contribution to the season's budget of American music, Charles Munch led the Boston Symphony Orchestra in a performance of a first symphony by the young American composer Easley Blackwood in its first seasonal visit to Carnegie Hall. Blackwood is a twenty-five-year-old native of Indianapolis whose background includes the Yale School of Music and Tanglewood, as well as studies abroad, with a variety of mentors including Messiaen, Bernhard Heiden, Hindemith, and Boulanger. Together they have given him a more than workable command of the orchestra, if not exactly the esthetic that resulted in a work of half-an-hour's duration which begins *andante maestoso* and ends *andante sostenuto*. The two movements between take themselves very seriously indeed, but they lack the musical ideas or emotional power to validate such intentions. In the course of the four movements, Blackwood compounds some interesting alterations of symphonic procedure (such as writing a scherzo in sonata form, and treating the finale as "in large part a variation of the first"). However, these are only the formulae for music, not music itself.

Has "Otello" become a "popular" opera, or is it merely the combination of Renata Tebaldi, Mario del Monaco, and Leonard Warren which brought 4,000-plus to fill seats and standing room at the Metropolitan on a recent Saturday afternoon? The answer could be adduced by subtracting one or more from the cast, but it may be hoped, in the interests of Verdi, that scientific curiosity will be resisted.

The new production treatment wanted for this grand score is still in abeyance, but at least two elements showed a fresh approach to the old look: Tebaldi's Desdemona, which is better costumed in its early phases than ever before and also sung on a steadily ascending line to "Salce Salce" and "Ave Maria," which she has always sung beautifully, and Leonard Warren's Iago, which has been reconsidered visually and subtlilized vocally, especially in a suitably insinuating "Era la notte." As for Mario del Monaco's Otello, the day may be approaching when he will be listened to more in sorrow than anger, for the efforts to vary the full peal of vocal bells (in the "Love Duet" of Act I and some moments later on) resulted in a mezzo voce more mezzo than voce. In other words, with a crooned falsetto taking the place of properly produced tones. This may seem vocal refinement to some, but it is also hints at vocal distress. Fausto Cleva made the strongest effort of his conductorial career here in putting the torch to the inflammable matter and keeping it aglow throughout.

KUNIE Imai, who became the Met's first native born Japanese to sing Butterfly on the evening of the same day, is an oval-faced, petite performer with a larger voice than some predecessors from the same country (Tamaki Murai and Hizi Koyke, to mention two who performed widely in America though not at the Metropolitan). She added another element of visual charm to the stage pictures of Motohiro Nagasaka, moved beautifully, sang affectingly. And the arresting vocal quality of her entrance, if the maximum of which she was capable, was well sustained. At the end, however, it seemed that, as Italian Butterflys have difficulty suggesting the superficial aspects of the character, so this Japanese one missed contact with some internal ones, which, after all, are more European than Oriental. How much she can absorb from conductor Erich Leinsdorf and colleagues Barry Morell and Mario Zanasi will add to the interest of her further appearances.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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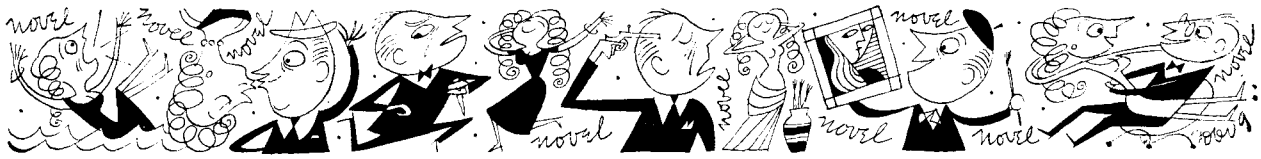

For Diversion Seekers the No-Nonsense Novel

Not every novel purports to be serious fiction. There are only a few Pasternaks and Faulkners in a literary season. Many able novelists, in fact, consider a job well done when they have written a book that entertains, diverts, and amuses. These writers are neither Beatniks nor Angry Young Men. They care more about a taut story-line than for ideology and more for ingenious situations than for personal philosophy. These writers are scorned by readers who want art and beloved by those who seek distraction. Saturday Review *has asked Martin Levin to review for the harried holiday reader some of this fall's more genial fiction.*

By MARTIN LEVIN

ONE of the most impressive first novels of this, or any season is Thomas Berger's **"Crazy in Berlin"** (Scribners, $4.75), in which is assembled a striking collection of the debris that littered the gutted capital in the summer of 1945. Survivors of all stripes, black marketeers, double agents of inscrutable loyalties, and the varied shadings of humanity that mingled amid the skeletal remains and unforgettable stench are encountered by one Carlo Reinhart, an army medic of heroic bulk and sensibility. Reinhart, a German American with an active but unattached conscience, crosses paths with a fair cross section of the citizenry—including an American traitor, a Russian deserter, and some German saints and sinners—and his efforts to unravel reality from appearance create an unusual novel of place and ideas.

In a lighter vein is **"Made for Man"** (Doubleday, $3.95), by A. P. Herbert, wherein the author's King Charles's Head—divorce—pops up again. In this thematic sequel to "Holy Deadlock," the satirist tilts against the established church's disinclination to marry divorced persons unless their ex-spouses are deceased. The issue is joined when Dame Marion Marne, a distinguished actress and a divorcée, decides to help her ex-husband to a church wedding with his Anglican fiancée by obligingly throwing herself into the Thames. The plot of love, marriage, and suicide thickens at Hambone Hall, the country house of a retired admiral who charts his manor's position daily (it varies): it involves the Archbishop of Canterbury and Sir Ewan Harker, a literary peer who bears a striking resemblance to the author—and it eventually spills over into the houses of Lords and Commons. The heated debate in "Made for Man" may be a bit special for American readers, but its wit and charm should be universal.

In **"Crescendo"** (Macmillan, $3.75), Phyllis Bentley's latest West Riding excursion, a fairly angry young Yorkshireman named Peter Trahier slips away from his county clerk's job a few minutes before quitting time. And because of this casual defection from duty, an irate citizen's ulcer erupts, setting in motion a train of calamities which unhinge a platoon of total strangers and culminate in a suicide. Peter, who had beaten the clock to further his ambitions in local politics, is eventually himself engulfed in the wave of mishap he had innocently created. In less talented hands the novel might seem to stretch the arm of coincidence to the snapping point: but as Miss Bentley projects it, "Crescendo" develops into a convincing mosaic of happenstance, embedded solidly in the author's perception of the Yorkshire character.

"Ask Me No More" (Harper, $3.95), by Pamela Frankau, pursues the human bondage of a feckless British playwright and his secretary and thrall. In the Thirties Alexandra Wharton is Geoffrey Bliss's mistress: in the Forties she is his wife and widow; in the Fifties she transfers her affection to Ludo, his illegitimate son by another woman. Miss Frankau writes with her customary wit, insight, and style, mingling Mayfairites and peripheral types in a series of neatly meshed vignettes.

"Enemies and Friends" (Little, Brown, $3.75), by William H. Prosser, brings together a moody band on an island off the Maine coast, including: a disintegrating architect named Dessalines, married to a woman forty years younger than himself; Evan Horne, a painter filled with self-doubt to the point of anguish; Upshaw, a moronic uranium trillionaire. Local color is provided by a cluster of degenerates inhabiting a Down East lower depths. It is Mr. Prosser's announced intention to depict the ambivalence of love, and in this he is partly successful. Certainly Dessalines and his wild-eyed Lisa, and Horne and his bemused Julia, demonstrate a bewildering series of moods to each other. The trouble is that they bewilder the reader as well: there is just not enough ballast in all these theatrical melancholiacs to make their dark mutterings relate to visible personalities. A wildly satiric episode involving Upshaw's gargantuan birthday party suggests that Mr. Prosser is a writer of resources not fully plumbed in "Enemies and Friends."

"The Inseparables" (Little, Brown, $4), by Mary Bancroft, is the log of three decades in the lives of an acutely separable Boston family: Nathan and Daisy Kinnicutt, and their offspring—Madeline, Lydia, and Alvin. Most of their activity in the novel transpires in and around a gilded seaside resort where the Kinnicutts spend each summer being miserable in their separate ways. Closely now. Nathan blows out his brains when he can stand the feather-brained Daisy no longer. Madeline marries Luke Todd, a family hanger-on who is killed in a car accident with Henrietta, who had married David, Lydia's true love. Lydia meanwhile had married Pierre Morange, who is killed in the war. Alvin dies in a plane crash. All of this assorted carnage leaves Lydia and David free to marry, which, after a decent interval, they proceed to do.

"Victorine" (Messner, $4.50) finds

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Frances Parkinson Keyes still in the Louisiana rice territory that was the setting of her previous novel. This time the period is the Twenties, and young Prosper Villac, a local rice mogul is enamored of nubile Victorine LaBranche, who has recently returned to the town of Crowley wtih her aged papa. But when Titine Dargereux, accordioniste in the Crowley honky-tonk, is found head first in one of Prosper's rice bins, it looks a though the bans may be off. All ends well, however, including the sagging rice game. The happy couple embark on a trip round the world ("It's been simply grand," writes Victorine) and a Rice Carnival joins love and agriculture in a suitable finale.

MELEE IN MALAYA: The angry Frenchman of "The Bridge Over the River Kwai" has this time turned to derision in examining the conflicts and cooperations of East and West in a state of apparent peace instead of war. As it is often the case in the contemporary novel, the writing is the overflow of a lived experience, and the perspective of Pierre Boulle in **"The Other Side of the Coin"** (translated by Richard Howard; Vanguard, $3.50), as in his previous work, bears the mark of authenticity. However, in this case the realism is one-dimensional. The cosmopolitan setting of a Malayan rubber plantation, the business operations of the Europeans, paralleled with the undercover terrorist machinations of the Asiatic Reds, the poor but picturesque villages in the background, are all vividly depicted. But the principal characters lack the complexity and uncertainties of real human beings. In their singleness of purpose they caricature the obsessions of the modern world, and though we are allowed to eavesdrop on their thinking, their ultimate fate appears as absurd as if their confidences had never been shared.

Within an implausible triangle is thrust Bernard Delavigne, the prosperous but cynical French manager, whose attitude toward the natives is somewhat less categorical than that of his English colleague who can state with full conviction: "The miracle . . . that in our time it is precisely the nations in power who are perfect from every point of view." Adhering to the old French cliché of the missionary-American, the author identifies Patricia, the wife, with the humanitarian side of Western civilization. She preaches that there is nothing more sterile than hatred. In dusting off old prejudices, her affectionate and wealthy hands transform the captured Communist, Ling, from waif to glamour girl.

The confrontation of these three broadly diverse prototypes produces sardonic results: Ling will bite the hand that fed her, and Bernard will react like a cad. For the devastating pessimism of Pierre Boulle equates the two faces of the coin as he attempts to demonstrate that while the revolutionaries of the East are unredeemably depraved, the Europeans are without backbone, and their associates, the Americans, are simple-minded. The cleverly satirical situations, the Gallic irreverence of Bernard, will remind many of Voltaire's "Candide," with the naïve American playing a female Pangloss in her trust in the ultimate good of human nature. But with all his gift of mockery Voltaire managed to find enough that was worth while in the world to reconcile us with its imperfections. Pierre Boulle chooses to leave us nothing—except perhaps the laughter of the gods.

—ANNA BALAKIAN.

COFFEE BEANS AND CHAOS: Revolutionary political situations which take their direction and dynamism from the pressures of the Cold War are apt to be misrepresented in the press for propagandistic reasons. Hence they afford a novelist with the reportorial skills that Norman Lewis possesses the rewarding opportunity of completing or correcting the record under the guise of fiction.

His novel, **"The Volcanoes Above Us"** (Pantheon, $3.75), represents the chaos produced by the Guatemalan revolution of a few years ago when the land reforms of the ousted regime were reversed and United States commercial interests were given an overwhelming authority. The story of how an efficient American corporation man attempts to mold the dispossessed Indian labor force into a "happy family of efficiently producing, cash-spending consumers, entitled to the same kind of rewards our civilization offers as we ourselves expect" has some of the force of a Swiftian satire. The Indians, naturally enough, respond to his efforts by going collectively insane and "dying on" their benefactor. This macabre form of passive resistance and the portrait of Kranz, the idealistic ex-Nazi nostalgic for the days when Hitler made it "good to be alive," are the best things in the novel.

The narrator, David Williams, is represented as taking part in the revolution because he hopes to regain the coffee plantation turned over to the Indians in the land reforms. But Williams displays an incredible lack of interest in his property, his woman, his past, his future—in fact in everything but "getting the story" as a good reporter should. He is, one feels, a fairly thin, dull mask for the author, and the absence of a passionate and involved character at the heart of the political turmoil frustrates the intent to make a true novel of vivid and significant material.

—R. V. CASSILL.

Pick of the Paperbacks

MEMOIRS OF A REVOLUTIONIST. *By Dwight Macdonald. Meridian.* $1.45. Essays from the pen of an acerbic and penerating critic, most of which appeared in *Politics* during the Forties, remain among the most perceptive and pungent of political criticism.

THE GONCOURT JOURNALS 1851-1870. *Translated by Lewis Galantière. Anchor.* $1.25. The *frères* de Goncourt, Edmond and Jules, knew just about everyone who wrote, talked, or thought in the bright Parisian world. Their gossipy and lively account of their century's luminaries—Balzac, Hugo, Zola—makes one yearn for those seemingly golden days.

POLITICAL THEORIES OF THE MIDDLE AGES. *By Otto Gierke. Translated by Frederic W. Maitland. Beacon.* $1.95. Legal historian Von Gierke's study of the dominant medieval political trends is a classic in its field. Laymen beware.

THE MUSICAL EXPERIENCE. *By Roger Sessions. Princeton.* $1.50. Mr. Sessions interprets the various aspects of a triumvirate—the composer, the performer, the listener—that he considers essential to satisfying musical appreciation. How together these elements provide the "musical experience" is the subject of this thoughtful essay.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER OF ENGLAND. *By Marchette Chute. Everyman.* $1.55. This might have been titled "The Life and Times of Geoffrey Chaucer." It is a thoroughly engaging account of the poet, his poems, and his Britain.

HISTORY OF THE JEWISH PEOPLE. *By Max Margolis and Alexander Marx. Meridian.* $1.95. A comprehensive study that describes extensively, but with attention to the dramatic details, the story of Judaism from Biblical times through centuries of persecution to the modern active Zionist movement.

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COMMENTARY

To Seek the Truth Concerning Man

"An American Amen," by John LaFarge, S.J. *(Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 254 pp. $3.75), is a stimulating excursion into a catholicity of topics by a distinguished Catholic leader. A biologist and science historian, Thomas J. Hall, who evaluates the essays, is the dean of the College of Liberal Arts at Washington University.*

By Thomas J. Hall

THE reader is invited in this series of connected short essays to make a partly sentimental, partly intellectual-analytical journey through the modern world and to ponder some of its problems. The critic's task is to suggest whether the invitation to make this trip should be accepted or not. The answer is that that all depends upon who the prospective traveler is.

The places to be visited, the problems pondered, are ones which, the guidebook informs us, must not be missed. We visit the Kremlin, the United Nations, Geneva, Suez, Budapest, Outer Space. More literally, we deal with the burning perplexities with which these place names have recently become associated. These perplexities, and ways out of them, form, in fact, the theme of the adventure.

But in the course of our travels we also find ourselves, occasionally, in more restricted and homely surroundings—in an interracial housing development in Manhattan; or in a Catholic confessional booth that was built too small for a very fat man who wants to squeeze inside it; or walking along a lonely beach; or musing before a dying hearth fire in an old New England house; or riding somewhere, anywhere, in a train, or a bus, or a superannuated Chevrolet.

And we discover that such simple places inspire, as well as famous places, those subtle and serious questions that pursue the sensitive and philosophically inclined individual wherever he goes.

To whom shall we recommend that he accept the invitation to make the trip? One of the first requirements will be found to be a fairly high level of literacy. Our guide—or, to drop the metaphor, our author—is a jovial but learned, seventy-eight-year-old Jesuit priest, who has long been writing for Catholic periodicals and who recommends himself, to this reviewer at least, because of a long record of persuading Catholics in America to take a humane and enlightened view of racial issues. The trouble with Jesuit authors (actually no trouble at all but a virtue, though one that doesn't always make life easy for their readers) is their formidable literacy and erudition—which require a comparable literacy and erudition in those to whom they attempt to explain themselves. Thus though LaFarge's style is gracious, warm, informal, often humorous, it is also sufficiently subtle and metaphorical to require a thorough intellectual readiness in the reader.

It may be well also to raise and answer here the question whether a work which bears the official *Nihil Obstat* and *Imprimatur* requires, for its enjoyment, any special religious qualifications. It is a tribute to its author that, for the most part, it does not. The problems explored exceed the boundaries of mere sectarian interest. Their treatment, while frankly that of the complete believer, will be largely inoffensive to those happening to stand outside the pale of Catholicism.

The devout, especially if intellectually disposed, may expect to bask in Father LaFarge's flowing, sometimes bubbling exposition of political and spiritual issues. Since the book's argument is partly apologetic, the troubled (but still faithful) believer should find in it a source of spiritual reassurance and reinforcement. For others, there is at least the interest that attaches to a consideration of some of the most poignant problems of our times, not excluding the Soviet challenge.

The book divides itself into separate but connected efforts to answer three very interesting questions: what it means to be an American; what it means to be a priest, what it means to be an intellectual.

Each of the three sections will make a special appeal to its own particular audience. The third, and to this reviewer by far the most absorbing, part develops suggestions concerning the proper role of the Western intellectual, especially in the face of the Soviet alternative. The task of the intellectual, here stated in terms less symbolic and metaphorical than the author's, is simply to seek the truth concerning man. But that truth is not necessarily simple, having at least two varieties. There is the truth of scientific scholarship which consists in some sort of correspondence between the ideas we develop and the things we develop ideas about. And then there is "personal or moral truth," accessible only through religious experience.

The Western intellectual, according to LaFarge, has too often excused himself from the pursuit of personal and moral truth, here conceived as achievable only by "pitching [one's] intellectual tents at the threshold of life's great Mysteries." The approach to this second sort of truth, if LaFarge is to be understood, begins intellectually but ends mystically. Moreover, and this is what gives this book its tone of optimism and affirmation, the combined pursuit of both these varieties of truth is the great hope of the West and is its answer to the fervid yet flatly intellectual-ideological vision of the Soviet adversary. This answer is a large part of what is meant by the expression "American amen."

Readers are bound to differ in the enthusiasm and optimism with which they will react to this suggested solution of a very major problem. As to the importance of that problem, however, and of certain others identified by Father LaFarge, every reader will certainly say, "Amen."

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 806

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 806 will be found in the next issue.

KSL BLCNBM XG XDL MHKO

MXDL RP KSL TXCLB KX

GHZGRZZ NDXKSLB.

—LZRXK

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 805

Humor is consistent with pathos, whilst wit is not.

—COLERIDGE.

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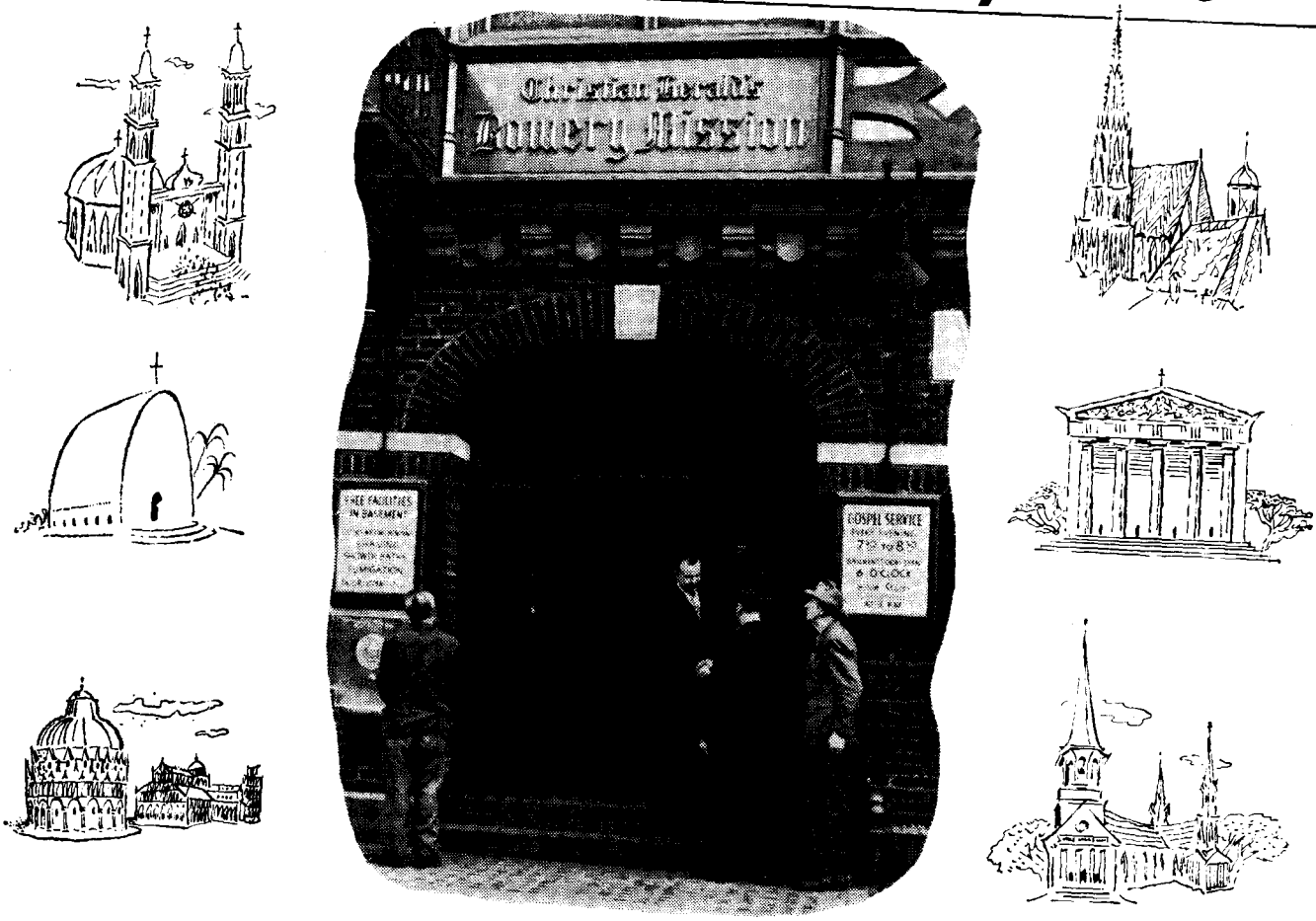
God's Church takes many forms



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TRAILBLAZERS

He Sailed as Had No Other Man

"The Voyages of Joshua Slocum," edited, with commentaries by Walter Magnes Teller (Rutgers University Press. 401 pp. $6), recovers from oblivion two of the dauntless captain's journals, and prints for the first time newly discovered material. Reviewer Henry Beetle Hough is the author of "Whaling Wives," and other books.

By Henry Beetle Hough

JOSHUA SLOCUM, Nova Scotian-born but Yankee in ancestry and by adoption, set off in 1895, at the age of fifty-one, to sail the thirty-seven-foot sloop *Spray*, which he had himself rebuilt from a useless hulk, on a voyage around the world. Alone he sailed as no man had ever done, and just as the voyage stands undiminished by time, so Slocum's story of it is one of the great and engrossing narratives of the sea.

Here Walter Magnes Teller, author of the first biography of Captain Slocum, brings together in a single volume not only the classic "Sailing Alone Around the World," but the little-known "The Voyage of the *Liberdade*" and "The Voyage of the *Destroyer* from New York to Brazil."

The story of the *Destroyer* is a minor but interesting relation of Slocum's thankless mission in navigating an iron contraption invented by John Ericsson of *Monitor* fame while it was towed "under and over a large portion of two oceans" to join the Brazilian navy. That of the *Liberdade* is keenly characteristic of Slocum and foreshadows his masterpiece.

He had sailed from New York in 1886 with his wife and two sons aboard a single-deck bark, the *Aquidneck*, in which he had invested his life's savings. A wild Atlantic gale in zero weather was the prelude to a series of ordeals on the coast of Brazil, including a mutiny in which Slocum shot and killed a hard character recruited by necessity from the jail at Rosario. The final disaster was simply told by the captain:

> . . . so she dragged and stranded broadside on, where open to the sea, a strong swell came in that raked her fore and aft, for three days, the waves dashing over her groaning hull the while till at last her back was broke and—why not add "heart," as well! For now she lay undone.

Having lost all, Slocum asked no help, but improvised on the beach, out of wreckage, felled trees, and odds and ends, a new craft based on his recollection of Cape Ann dories and a picture of a "very elegant Japanese sampan." This became the *Liberdade*, thirty-five feet over-all, and he called her a canoe. With his family for crew, he sailed this craft 5,510 miles, around the bulge of South America and home, in fifty-five days.

Joshua Slocum was a man worthy of the voyages he made, both in their external and inner meanings. He was "an asserter against a world he did not make," and he was aware not only of the whole nature of the sea but of its context in the history of mankind. Without formal education, he was nevertheless a writer:

> Sailing among islands clothed in eternal green, the same that Columbus beheld with marvelous anticipations, and the venerable Las Casas had looked upon with pious wonder, brought us, in the mind's eye, near the old discoverers; and a feeling that we should come suddenly upon their ships around some near headland took deep hold upon our thoughts as we drew in with the shores. All was there to please the imagination and dream over in the same balmy, sleepy atmosphere, where Juan Ponce de León would fain have tarried young, but found death rapid, working side by side with ever springing life. To live long in this clime one must obey great Nature's laws. So stout Juan and millions since have found, and so always it will be.

This definitive volume of Slocum's voyages, with Mr. Teller's helpful and never intrusive commentaries, should occupy a place of importance in libraries of sea and land. The illustrations add worth to the collection.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "Antony and Cleopatra." 2. "The Merry Wives of Windsor." 3. "The Taming of the Shrew." 4. "The Comedy of Errors." 5. "A Midsummer Night's Dream." 6. "The Winter's Tale." 7. "Romeo and Juliet." 8. "Coriolanus." 9. "Measure for Measure." 10. "As You Like It." 11. "The Tempest." 12. "Julius Caesar."

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POLAR BUDDIES: Peter Freuchen's post humously published book **"I Sailed with Rasmussen"** (Messner, $3.95) is the recount of his close association with another famous Danish explorer, Knud Rasmussen. Their intimate friendship was gained in early manhood through facing dangers, hardships, and the Arctic loneliness together.

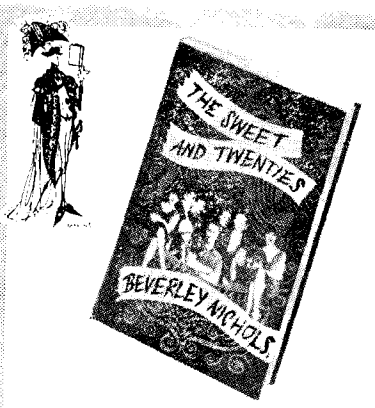
In recent years Freuchen probably was better known on this side of the Atlantic as the full-bearded, wooden-legged, television winner of the "$64,000 Question" than for his earlier Arctic exploits. The author first met the unique Rasmussen in Denmark. In 1910 they built the northernmost trading post in the world to serve about 200 Eskimos in the area. Only four families lived at their settlement of Thule, named from the expression "ultime thule," meaning north of everything and everybody. Today this small Eskimo village in the far northwestern corner of Greenland has become the world-renowned U.S. Air Force Base for northern defense.

Rasmussen was born in 1879 at Jakobshavn, Greenland, where he spent his early childhood and learned the native language fluently. His father was a Danish missionary and his mother part Eskimo. As a student in Denmark, Rasmussen prepared himself for a life of working and writing among his beloved Eskimos. He spent decades exploring northern Greenland and the Canadian Arctic, where he collected enough artifacts and other material to fill ten halls in a Copenhagen museum. The Eskimos regarded him with unprecedented esteem, confidence, and affection. In turn Rasmussen studied their origin, songs, stories, and folklore to bring forth their first complete saga in his writings and lectures.

To finance their early ventures, Rasmussen and Freuchen went into a trading partnership. For small household articles, hunting knives, and trinkets purchased in Denmark, they received fox furs, polar bear skins, and ivory tusks from the walrus. Together they shared in the joys and sorrows of the Greenlanders and thus gained an insight into the thinking and philosophy of these "native children of the North." For fourteen years they made their home at Thule, with only periodic trips home to Denmark to bridge their business connections.

THE author tells of their historic sledge trip across the Greenland ice cap and of frequent perilous journeys along the coast. He relates the rough details of primitive living and of the tortuous travel of men consumed with hunger; of cold, wakeful nights lying in sleeping bags while the dogs, tied in the snow, howled nearby. On occasion the dogs themselves were killed and devoured both by the men and other dogs to ward off starvation. In marked contrast to present-day expedition life, which utilizes the airplane, radio, and undreamed of modern conveniences, their existence depended upon outwitting the elements by means of crude equipment and dog-team transport, with Eskimos as companions. This human-interest tale of the hardy old-time explorers who broke the trail for today's striking advance in the polar regions makes educational and worth-while reading for all.

Although some of the incidents described here were also told in his previous book, "Arctic Adventure," some years ago, Freuchen's unusual theme is the great tribute he pays to his lifelong friend Knud Rasmussen. In the highly competitive field of polar exploration it is extremely rare for one explorer to sing the praises of another, particularly after such a long period of isolated association. No finer memorial could be made to the memory of the author himself than his final testimony to his fellow-explorer Knud Rasmussen. —FINN RONNE.



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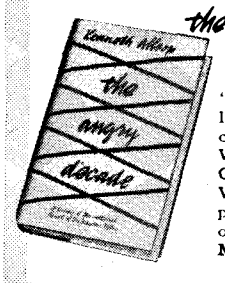

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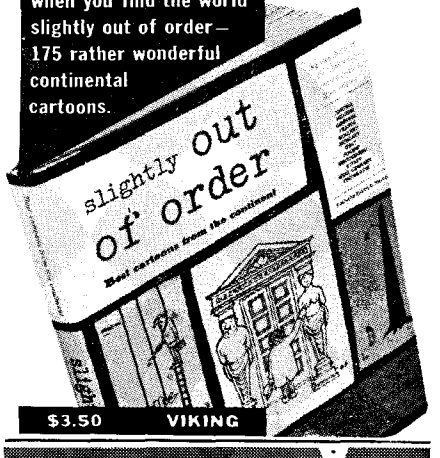

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Personal History

Continued from page 18

Brée, have used them to some extent, so that many of them were even known to the public of nonspecialists. But when they are accumulated and put end to end, as they are here, we see more clearly than ever why Proust dreaded to be known to posterity through his own letters and the memoirs of his close friends and casual acquaintances, and why the work of art in general appeared to him as the only atonement for a sadly misspent life.

It is to be hoped that in detailing that life Mr. Barker may not have alienated any readers from Proust's work itself. The pettiness and neuroticism are apparent, after all, in André Maurois's biography of Proust; but the better proportions the French writer maintains make of his book a more satisfactory and more reliable account.

Although the author directs his chief attention to the biography, he also briefly discusses the work. Certain unorthodox judgments can only startle the informed reader of Proust —for instance, that "involuntary memory is at best a rather dubious conception" with "some of the elements of the literary hoax" and that the interpolated novel known as "Swann in Love" is "a digression" and a "geological curiosity"—until he learns, a hundred and fifty pages later, that Mr. Barker sees Albert Feuillerat's 1934 study as "the most valuable single book on the novel." Then one recalls that Feuillerat's pioneering work with Proust's unpublished proofs of 1913 led him to somewhat similar judgments. But at the same time one recalls how conclusively many of Feuillerat's hypotheses have been disproved since then. In any case, agreement with Feuillerat twenty-five years later (just as if scores of critics had not written on this subject in the meantime) is no excuse for failure to recognize the subtle role of the involuntary memory throughout Proust's masterpiece.

BUT is it a masterpiece to Mr. Barker? Many of his disparaging remarks about *"A la recherche du temps perdu"* and the way in which Proust threw it together between a bout with asthma and a dinner at the Ritz lead us to believe that it is not. Perhaps Mr. Barker has simply spent too long a time with the letters and the friendly memoirs and the "social hours when [as Proust himself said in his novel] I used to inhabit my epidermis, my well-groomed hair, and my stiff shirt."

William Plomer—life was England.

Back to Bloomsbury

"At Home: Memoirs," by William Plomer *(Noonday Press. 253 pp. $3.75), continues the autobiography begun in "Double Lives," bringing us up to date on the author's activities and observations in England—long home of our reviewer, Anne Fremantle.*

By Anne Fremantle

HOME is where one hangs one's heart, as well as one's hat, and William Plomer, whose earlier autobiography, "Double Lives," described his English origins and Afro-Asian conditionings, in this second instalment settles down. The process takes time. When Mr. Plomer leaves Japan in 1929 he is twenty-six; when he ends his book it is today, and he and his readers are still alive, when so many, younger, braver, brighter, are not. Of many of these he writes, distilling from his encounters with them, poetlike, their immortal essences. Because Mr. Plomer is above all a poet.

For a poet, like a child and a saint, sees more, and more intensely. Who, reading Mr. Plomer, would not wish to have seen, as he saw, the fierce Greek in the Attic bus, oblivious of his meek wife, but alternately smelling the white carnation he carried, and whispering endearments to the white rabbit on his knee? Or the Mongol fishermen in fur caps on the shores of Lake Baikal, that 300-mile-long lake among wooded mountains, "minding their own business in a vast silence?"

At twenty-six, Mr. Plomer had published a novel and two books of short stories. Leonard and Virgina Woolf were his publishers, so the country to which he came was, strictly speaking, not England, but Blooms-

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bury, of which he instantly became an enchanted inhabitant. In many ways England seemed—and still seems—an alien country. He noted: "What irregular features and physiques the English had! How dirty most of them were! How peculiar they smell in public places! Why were they so often cruel to children?" Cricket, Kipling, and the "pervading, but seldom explicit, ideal of gentlemanliness, the mystically combined sense of fair play and the team spirit," these had to be confronted, investigated, assimilated. And were. For at the end, Mr. Plomer admits, somewhat shyly, that the pleasure of being English and, indeed, his whole engagement with life itself, "has been chiefly made possible for me by England, by English civilization, and by English men, women, and children."

Among these men and women were E. M. Forster, Lady Ottaline Morrell, Elizabeth Bowen, Sir Hugh Walpole, Dame Ethel Smyth, and Mr. T. S. Eliot, to all of whom he tips or doffs his hat. He lived in "beat" enough surroundings, grim and even gory—his first landlady was messily murdered and of course he made a novel, "The Case Is Altered," out of her small tragedy—but they enchanted him. "The gas lights and the gloom," writes Mr. Plomer, "the silent back streets with noisy, baroque houses at each end, the heaviness of the architecture, all helped to maintain the late Victorian atmosphere, which for me had strangeness and a kind of glamour." Dover and Brighton, to which "marine residences" Mr. Plomer migrated for years at a time, in search of the "oppressively elemental" sea that is "however, a great fidget" charmed him similarly.

He has a nice, small, rather naïve sense of fun, enjoying the scaring of an American on the Trans-Siberian railroad with tall stories, or rendering verbatim the advances made him on the beach by an Anglican Lolita; but he is humorlessly portentous when discussing either the English church or the English class system. He writes, for example: "It is sometimes suggested that the writers of the Thirties were sentimental about what was still called the working class. What if they were? What if Stephen Spender or George Orwell appeared to some to idealize or falsify the lives of persons of a lower level than that into which they had been born, perhaps that was necessary to their art and thought."

Gorblimey!

And to suggest that since today—owing to the lack of cheap labor—many of the educated classes find looking after themselves a whole-time occupation, it is "scarcely possible to go to church at all" is hilarious.

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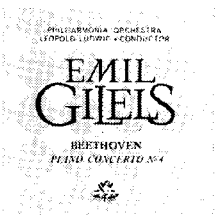
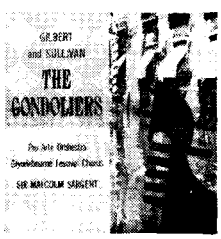

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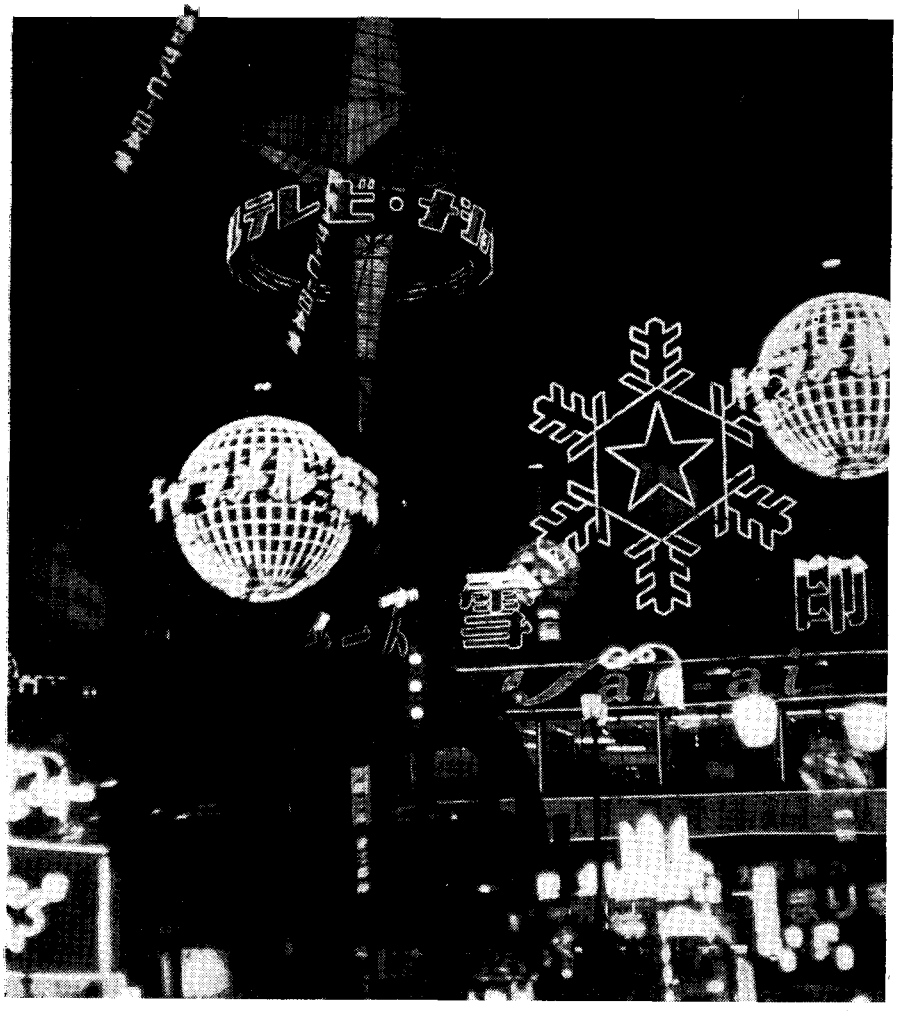

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SR/RECORDINGS

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Brahms in a Coffee-Shop

By GEORGE R. MAREK

IT is a long time before you weary of walking in Tokyo. To the normal fascination which a strange and huge city offers you there is added a special fascination, a fascination which springs from the duality of Japan. One speaks of East and West intermingling. But they don't intermingle. Rather, they live side by side, the Oriental and Occidental, new industrialism and ancient trading, old philosophy and latest slogan, hierarchical ceremony and a Rotarian slap-on-the-back, exquisite courtesy and cleanliness when you take your shoes off and shoving and sloppiness when you've got your shoes on. The duality is everywhere: huge department stores are flanked by tiny shops, dark open stalls which display so much fish and pottery and dolls that you wonder how half of it ever gets used. Neon signs which out-Broadway Broadway compete with Japanese balloons which float above the buildings, dangling long streamers which carry some advertising message. Next to the great shrine in Asakusa is a string of second-hand clothes stores, selling cutaways. The businessmen and government officials, with their quick assured gait, carry both a black briefcase and a brightly colored kerchief in which is wrapped the inevitable little gift which everybody is giving to everybody else at all times. The young women, one more attractive than the next, are dressed some in gray tailored suits and shoes that are obviously mass-produced, and some in kimonos as intensely colored and as individually decorated as are the flower arrangements. One mother carries her baby in the traditional way, riding serenely on her back; nestled in the folds of her kimono the baby peeks out from its silken tent, like a curious snail. Another mother walks with her child as if she were taking him to P.S. 6. But the children are everywhere, with precise haircuts, smiling at you and saying a shy "herro," and they are equally intrigued by a shop window which displays a live tiger as by one which shows a model of the coming jet plane.

It is a long time before you stop walking. Eventually your feet begin to weary, your feet, not your eyes, and you must sit down.

Then you go to a coffee shop. A musical coffee shop. You don't choose a coffee shop just at random. You have special favorites. What's more, you want to be sure that the music you are going to hear inside is to your liking. Outside the shop there is a poster which tells you what are the selections of the record concert that is being given at the moment. Once inside you are greeted by an atmosphere cool, dark and reverent. The Japanese coffee shop is equipped

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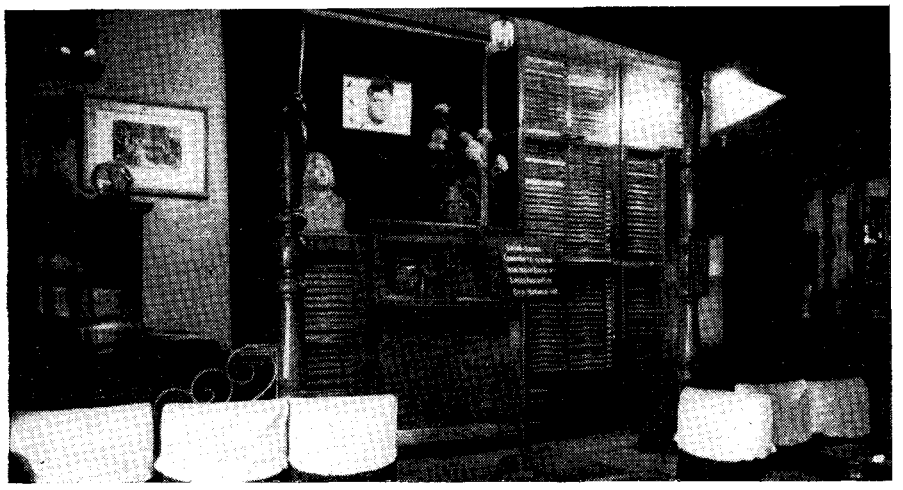

The "Etude"—"the people sip and sit and listen."

with a first-class high fidelity installation and has a very sizable collection of long-playing records. All you have to do is to buy a cup of coffee (twenty cents in American money, but expensive according to the Japanese scale) and you can sit for hours. You may smoke but you mustn't talk. If you like serious music you can visit such famous shops as the "L'Ambre" or the "Chopin" or the "Provence" or the "Etude" (which Anthony West wrote about). These "classical coffee shops" are not all alike. Some cater to the student, the highbrow, the man of recondite taste. Others choose their repertoire for broader appeal and offer the standard symphonies, tone poems and concertos. I happen to have heard Brahms in four different shops into which I wandered. If you prefer Pop music, there are some coffee houses as capacious as three stories high, with Harry Belafonte piped into each level. A few coffee houses specialize in jazz and one combines the pleasure of music with the pleasure of looking at a beautiful girl: the waitresses are chosen for their good looks and their elegant, almost disdainful demeanor (they are supposed to be unapproachable). So the people sip and sit and listen, some with eyes closed, some with their heads resting on their hands, almost motionless, some staring straight ahead with intense concentration, a few surreptitiously conducting the performance. A church service could not wish for a more attentive attitude.

The serious music played is predominantly nineteenth century romantic music. But in one shop which "presents the unusual" you could have heard in one week, on Monday a recording of Rameau's "Les Indes Galantes"; on Tuesday, Copland's Clarinet Concerto with Benny Goodman; on Wednesday, Sibelius's Fifth Symphony; on Thursday, Bartok's piano pieces; on Friday, the Haydn Concerto in F Major for Violin and Harp; on Saturday, a program of English music. On Sunday you could request your program—and no doubt it would have included some more Brahms. The walls of the coffee houses are hung with musical prints, usually the one of Mozart and his sister playing a duet, and somewhere in the corner stands a bust of Beethoven. The atmosphere in a Pop coffee house is a little less holy but remains serious. When I dropped in they were listening to a Frank Sinatra album as if it were "Siegfried."

But there are also a few coffee houses in which you can find *live*, light music, particularly rock and roll or a special variety of it called "Japanese rockabilly." This, as far as I could make out, is Presley in Japanese. These shops are a kind of night club, except that the price of admission remains merely a cup of coffee (slightly higher, twenty-five cents) and that the night club operates during the day. The latest a coffee house stays open is eleven o'clock. Here duality again makes itself felt: when the music is on records everybody listens respectfully. But when the band is there, the din becomes earth shaking. The band must include as much brass as possible, aided by an electrically amplified guitar. Not only that, but the customers make their own noise, shouting and stamping as is they had been released from a vow of silence.

Yet I am sure that these same people would go another day to the Kabuki theatre (two performances daily, twelve to four and five to nine) and be absorbed by the sound of the samisen, a plaintive, quiet three-stringed lute, played with an ivory stick. In a Geisha house, at a formal lunch party, I heard some beautiful koto playing, a stringed instrument which is plucked and the sound of which is reminiscent of the sound of the harpsichord. The young artist playing was a favorite pupil of Michio Miyagi, the blind koto player whose accidental death—he fell off a train in the middle of the night two years ago—shocked all of musical Japan. When I asked the name of the artist who was now performing I was told—it was Michio Miyagi. In Japan an artist bequeathes his name to his favorite pupil, who in turn passes it on to the best disciple. So it is possible to have generations of "Rubinsteins" or "Heifetzes."

Leading newspapers sponsor record lectures. I gave three of these lectures, one of them in Osaka, the big industrial city. It started at five o'clock and was called "Wing to Italia" [sic]. First we had "The Pines of Rome" and then a piece by Casella, then Mendelssohn's "Italian" Symphony. Around seven I spoke on Puccini. After that, two acts of "Tosca" were played. By that time it was nine o'clock and the audience was still sitting. Four hours' sitting seems to be no problem to the Japanese. They like their entertainment long, very long.

Free music is purveyed in other ways. The department stores in Tokyo play music continuously, interspersing it at suitable intervals with an announcement of a sale of happi coats on the fourth floor. When you call Chin-zan-so, one of the finest restaurants in Tokyo, for a reservation and if the man in charge happens to be busy he asks you to hold on and pumps into your astonished ears some music to while away the few seconds until he is ready to listen to your wishes.

Aside from radio and television, music is made available through the public use of recordings because few people can afford to go to concerts and fewer still can afford to buy records. When an American or European

(*Continued on page* 74)

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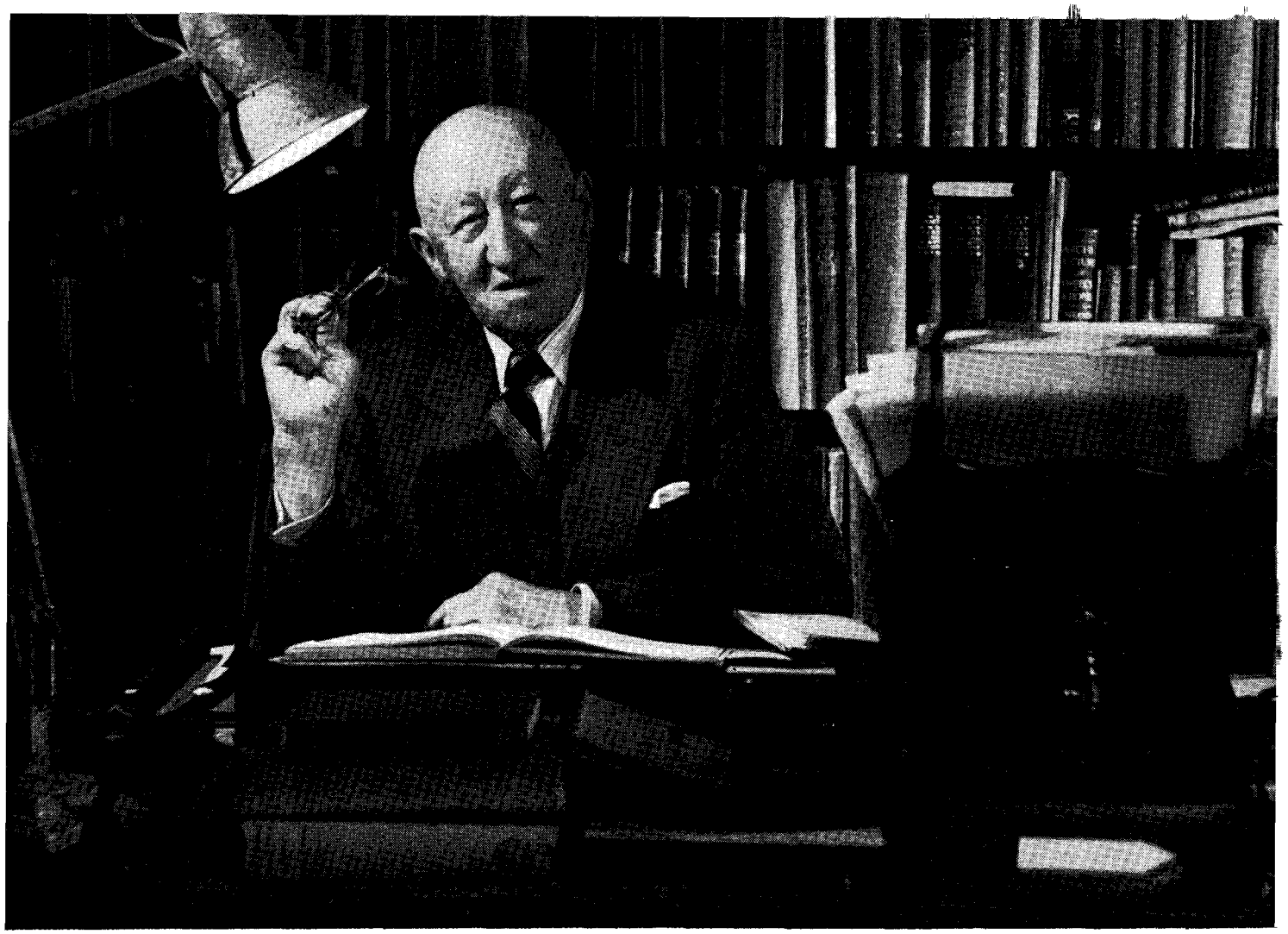

—Sunday Times *photo by Douglas Glass.*

NEWMAN AT NINETY

By IRVING KOLODIN

ON the eve of attaining his ninetieth birthday (November 30, 1958) Ernest Newman was accorded the honor of an official retirement by the London *Sunday Times* from the position which he has filled with distinction since February 29, 1920. It must have appealed to his ironic nature that the "retirement" was accompanied by tributes from such varied persons as Elena Gerhardt and Sir Arthur Bliss, Leopold Stokowski, Sir John Barbirolli, and even Fritz Kreisler, who carries battle scars of a famous encounter with the Newman pen twenty years ago. Regrettably, there were no tributes from two factions which have profited even more from his work than musicians: the public, of course, and the apprentice hands at the craft of music criticism in which he is master.

I should probably have become a music critic had I not read his provocative collection of essays called "A Musical Motley" when I was a high-school student in Newark, New Jersey, thirty-five years ago. There were, after all, seductive volumes of such writings by James Huneker and John Runciman, Carl Van Vechten, and various members of a distinguished New York press corps which then included Lawrence Gilman and Deems Taylor, W. J. Henderson, Pitts Sanborn, Gilbert Gabriel, and, as junior member, Olin Downes. But the Newman collection was, for a teenager, something special: how special, only a recent re-reading, after a lapse of decades, revealed. It was long before Bernard Shaw had been rediscovered as a music critic (those who were going to premiere of "St. Joan" and his other new plays of the time didn't bother themselves with such a "minor" activity) and it made a dizzying succession of appeals: to the heart, to the funnybone, but above all to the mind.

How many other neophytes Newman inflamed I can only imagine; but the successive pleasures of discovery were almost limitless—his pioneering volume on Hugo Wolf, whose name was barely known to American concertgoers in the Twenties; his early work on Gluck, at a time when even Mozart operas were rarities here; his famous early book on Richard Strauss; the speculation called "A Music Critic's Holiday," which took a long view of contemporary music at a time when most others were miserably shortsighted; all, of course, as a kind of basic training for the rigors of his Wagner studies: the "concise" (400 pages) "Wagner as Man and Artist" preparation for the massive four-volume production that appeared here after the war ("The Man Liszt" was a by-product). It is practically forgotten, though it should not be, that

(*Continued on page* 73)

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MY FRIEND ERNEST

By ALFRED A. KNOPF

I FIRST met Ernest Newman in London in the summer of 1921 and I saw him last in his home at Tadworth in Surrey in July 1957. A long, and for me, a fruitful friendship.

I owe it to a very, very early enthusiasm for the music of Berlioz sprung from a recording of the "Rackozy March" from "The Damnation of Faust" which came with the family's first phonograph rather more than fifty years ago. For a long time thereafter the opportunities of hearing Berlioz' major compositions in the concert hall were few and far between, but I read everything I could find about him in English. The most interesting essay by far was the chapter "Berlioz: Romantic and Classic" in Ernest Newman's "Musical Studies," which I must have read while I was still an undergraduate.

Later, when I was in my first job with what was then the firm of Doubleday, Page and Company, I brashly wrote Mr. Newman suggesting that he ought to write a full-length life of Berlioz. He refused on the ground, as I recall it, that Berlioz had himself given the best possible account of his life. And so, many years later in 1932 we were able to publish Newman's wonderful editing of the classic translation by Rachel and Eleanor Holmes of the memoirs of Hector Berlioz. We had meanwhile in 1924 published his "Wagner as Man and Artist," later "A Musical Critic's Holiday," "The Unconscious Beethoven," and a new edition of "A Musical Motley." Then in due course came the four volumes of his magisterial "Life of Richard Wagner," which is surely one of the great biographies of our time and the three large volumes devoted to his inimitable "Stories of Famous Operas."

Meanwhile, I visited with him whenever I was in London and this, until the outbreak of the war was almost every year. First, he had a house in the West End of London; later he moved to the country. I remember a long and highly entertaining weekend at Minehead in the west of England where he insisted on spending most of the daylight hours walking, though he had bad sciatica and walked with pain and difficulty. But characteristically—as during all the years I have known him—he would have no truck with a doctor. I remember an evening with him in Queen's Hall when Sir Hamilton Harty played the Berlioz "Fantastique" and the pleasure we both derived from this fine performance—pleasure which for me was greatly enhanced by Ernest's illuminating comment. He went a long way indeed toward forming my own musical tastes and I never had occasion to conclude in the end that he was mistaken in a musical judgment, *i.e.*, he always gave me what turned out to be what one vulgarly calls a good steer. Again, I spent much time with him during the winter of 1924-5, when he was in New York as visiting critic for the old *Evening Post*. Sitting together one evening at a concert of very new music he remarked, as it was late in getting started, "They can't begin because they haven't quite finished the score."

Ernest was always possessed of a great sense of humor—provided, I ought in fairness to add, the joke was not on him—a sparkling wit spiced with a rather bitter cynicism about the world at large and the human race in general.

It is for better men than I to assess the meticulousness and depth of his scholarship; it always has seemed to me to be impeccable. But I can surely

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1914 "Wagner as Man and Artist" (revised 1924).
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1920 "The Piano-Player and Its Music."
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1928 "What to Read on the Evolution of Music."
1931 "Fact and Fiction about Wagner." A Criticism of "The Truth about Wagner" by P. D. Hurne and W. L. Root.
1934 "The Man Liszt." A study of the tragi-comedy of a soul divided against itself.
1933-47 "Life of Richard Wagner." 4 vols.
1940 "Wagner" (Novello's Biographies of Great Musicians).
1943 "Opera Nights."
1949 "Wagner Nights."
1954 "More Opera Nights."
1956-58 "From the World of Music" (3 Vols).

TRANSLATIONS

1906 [N.E. 1925] "On Conducting" by Felix Weingartner.
1911 "J. S. Bach" by Albert Schweitzer.
1912 ff. Wagner Libretti: "The Flying Dutchman," "Tannhäuser," "The Ring," "Tristan," "The Mastersingers," "Parsifal."
1929 "Beethoven the Creator" by R. Rolland.

WORKS EDITED AND WITH INTRODUCTIONS

1909 "Handel," by R. A. Streatfeild.
1911 "Brahms," by J. A. Fuller Maitland.
1912 "The Life of Mozart," by Edward Holmes. Intro. E. N. (Everyman's Library.) Edited. The New Library of Music (Methuen).
1926 "Thirty Years Musical Recollections," by Henry Chorley. Edited by E. N.
1928 "Franz Schubert's Letters," by F. P. Schubert. Foreword by E. N.
1929 "Evenings in the Orchestra," by Hector Berlioz. Introduction by E. N.
1930 "Cosima Wagner," by Du Moulin Eckart, translated by C. Alison Phillips. Introduction by E. N.
1932 Introduction and Analytical Notes to the Musical Works of Sibelius (Sibelius Society).
1932 "Memoirs of Hector Berlioz," edited, annotated and translation revised by E. N. (New York).
1933 Introduction and Analytical Notes to the Songs of Hugo Wolf (Wolf Society).
Introduction to Novello's Edition of Brahm's "German Requiem."
1946 Introduction to Ethel Smyth's "Impressions That Remain."
1950 Introduction to R. W. S. Mendl's "The Soul of Music."

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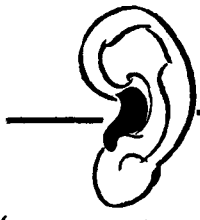
testify to the brilliance of his English prose, which in my considered opinion rises superior to that of anyone who has written in our language about music in my day.

Always something of a sybarite, he was extremely fond of champagne and good Havana cigars. He never really liked Americans—I'm sure he preferred Germans in spite of everything—he was quintessentially English—perhaps the most English Englishman I have ever known. But he recognized talent wherever he found it, and I well remember the enthusiasm with which in the winter of 1923 he spoke about a new Russian conductor visiting London—Serge Koussevitzky. On his account Blanche and I went to the first available Koussevitzky concert and I have never quite forgotten the excitement of the performance that evening of the Venusberg music from "Tannhäuser." Nor our first meeting with Koussevitzky the following Sunday at the Newman house—Koussevitzky in formal afternoon dress, sitting stiffly on a sofa with his grey kid gloves laid carefully across his lap. We all became close friends forever after and in 1927 Koussevitzky brought Ernest to Boston to deliver a lecture in Symphony Hall as the culmination of the celebration by the Boston Symphony Orchestra of the Beethoven Centenary. I had the great privilege of sitting on the platform that evening and the lesser one of hearing the strangest noises coming out of Newman's room at the Copley Plaza as he went through vocal exercises in preparation for the address.

ERNEST was a great seeker out and collector of humorous phonograph records. Some of the best were made before the war by a Frenchman who called himself Betove. On one was a parody sung in sounds that simulated Russian (but made no sense) of a typical Russian folk song. My last recollection of Koussevitzky and Newman together is the former sitting on the sofa in the living room at Tadworth and laughing till tears coursed down his face as Ernest played this record for him.

It is altogether characteristic of Newman, I think, that among the last if not *the* last of his London *Sunday Times* articles he defended the proposition that for a musician loss of hearing is greatly preferable to loss of sight; he always contended that he could more greatly enjoy a score by reading it quietly in that remarkable one-room building which was his workshop at Tadworth than by hearing a performance which except on the rarest occasions would fall short of the perfection he always demanded.



EARMARKS

Jazz Here and There

"PERCUSSION AT WORK," by Pete Rugolo and his Orchestra, or groups of orchestras (Emarcy MG36122, $3.98), is aimed at the woofer-tweeter cluster, and as a missile set for this target, will doubtless achieve its objective. "Pete prefers to think of this as an abstract album of interesting sounds rather than specifically a jazz set," we are told in Leonard Feather's liner copy. A "secondary objective" was "the revivification in hi-fi of several of the tunes Pete originally created for the Stan Kenton orchestra during his tenure as that band's chief arranger from 1945-1949." Although we're not quite certain what is meant by an "abstract album," it can be reported that the various groupings of men commissioned by Rugolo to execute it do so with unrelenting devotion to percussive over-work, and that this is for those who know that Kenton, drums, and abstraction are essential to living.

"Max" (Argo LP 623, $3.98) will likewise go straight to the tweeter, but its time-spacing elements are such that it will leave both the tweeter and its owner short recreational periods of silence. Max Roach, a former colleague of Charlie Parker, has here assembled a quintet that includes Hank Mobley, tenor saxophone, Kenny Dorham, trumpet, George Morrow, string bass, and Ramsey Lewis, piano. Dorham and Mobley play staccato, hawking up brief, pixielike jabs of intonation. Against this, Roach makes his principal statement—a high-pitched, steamy sound that issues remorselessly from his cymbals. An occasional, low-toned rumble reveals the presence of drive-wheels. It is all virtuoso and a microgroove wide.

Some pleasant sounds that will perhaps provide a brief stay from the uncompromising technological proficiencies of the two preceding LP's are to be found in an Emarcy record called "Swingin' in Sweden" (MG-36121, $3.98). They date to recording sessions of 1953, when certain visiting American jazz musicians—namely, Jimmy Raney, guitarist, and George Wallington, pianist—found themselves in the sympathetic company of a group of contemporary Swedish instrumentalists that included, among others, Arne Domnerus, alto saxophonist; Lars Gullin, baritone saxophonist; Aake Persson, trombonist; and Simon Brehm, bassist. "Round Midnight," a Thelonious Monk composition, and "Blue Bird," as rendered by George Wallington and his Swedish All Stars do reflect the "atmosphere of informality" and "lack of pressure" referred to in the liner notes.

"Swingin' at the Cinema" by the Jonah Jones Quartet (Capitol T1083, $3.98) dispenses a basic, unornamented swing, warmer in timbre and less complex rhythmically than that of the Swedish-American groupings. The tunes are all from movies—standards like "Tammy," "A Gal in Calico," "Around the World." Since Jones carries most of them, a certain sameness sets in early.

Buddy de Franco, who might be said to travel in the same musical circles as the "Swingin' in Sweden" group has been provided with another of those "suites" as frame to his talent as clarinetist. "Cross Country Suite" (Dot DLP 9006, $4.98), written by Nelson Riddle and orchestrated by Bill Jones, provides eleven selections with descriptive captions that dangle visions of rolling plains and mighty waters, all in Technicolor.

FOR "The Great Plains," "Metropolis," "The Rockies," and "Tall Timber," a "large orchestra of symphonic structure" was used; for "The Mississippi," "Down East," and "Smoky Mountain Country," strings and a few soloists were called in; and for "El Camino Real," "Gulf Coast," "The Great Lakes," and "Longhorn," a dance band of seven brass, five saxes, and four rhythm performed. The result almost misses being the jumble of voicings that one might expect.

At its worst moments, the suite is mired in the sort of mawkish breathlessness which crops up in musical shows that don't last long on Broadway. At its better moments, a lyric quality pervades the score; melodic material, not always original, is introduced and developed with some respect, as in "El Camino Real." This combines southern folk song with a long-lined singing theme, Falla-inspired. The clarinet quotes from blues, while the brasses and reeds ride out the Spanish with a big-hand vitality that brings Glenn Miller to mind. And "Gulf Coast," although it may not have been intended that way, sounds like a tribute to Fletcher Henderson's rich, quixotic arrangements for dancing, and as such comes off quite well. —FREDERIC RAMSEY, JR.

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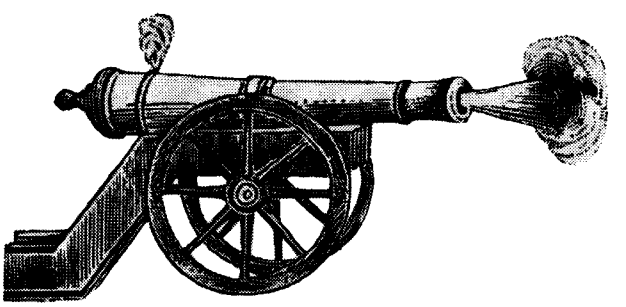

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Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra
University of Minnesota BRASS BAND
BRONZE CANNON, Douay, France (1775)
COURTESY U.S. MILITARY ACADEMY, WEST POINT, NEW YORK
BELLS of the Laura Spelman Rockefeller Memorial Carillon, The Riverside Church
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MOZART Symphony No. 41 in C major ("Jupiter"); Symphony No. 39 in E flat major. London Symphony, Schmidt-Isserstedt. MG50184

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Children's Corner

By ADELE FRANKLIN, *Director, All-Day Neighborhood Schools.*

THE strains of Tchaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet Overture" came from the bedroom. A twelve-year-old boy, stretched across the foot of the bed with feet spilling over on the floor, was absorbed in listening. At his feet lay an Elvis Presley album and a rock and roll collection entitled, "Here's Little Richard." On a shelf over his head carefully made models of jet planes and flying fortresses reposed comfortably with prairie schooners and the *Constitution.*

The boy was completely oblivious of our presence until the record came to an end. With a sigh of satisfaction he rose hurriedly and brushed a pile of comic books and a book of American poetry off chairs for us to sit on. "That's about my favorite record," he remarked as he gently brushed the surface of the record and slipped it into its jacket.

This twelve-year-old enjoys rock and roll *and* Tchaikowsky. He reads comics *and* American poetry. He moves easily from outer space to ancient civilization. He regrets his inability to vote since his opinions on political issues are as strong as those concerning the school ball team.

Children develop very definite tastes and absorb many different interests provided they have been exposed to varied and extensive experiences. In the field of music and literature the family library and the family record collection can be an ever broadening resource.

The Christmas season provides a wonderful excuse, if excuse be needed, to increase the family record collection. It is most gratifying to find that the quality of children's records is steadily improving. The patronizing tone, the belief that making music palatable to children requires saccharin stories, are fast disappearing. In their place we find an increasing number of artists from the field of adult entertainment recording for children. The result is that such artistry, added to the intrinsic appeal of both literature and music, produces records that have a universal attraction. It is a real question whether the children or the adults will be more enthusiastic about the "Nonsense Verse of Carroll and Lear," read by Beatrice Lillie, Cyril Ritchard, and Stanley Holloway (Caedmon TC 1078). Hershy Kay has written a musical score to accompany "Mother Goose," read by Cyril Ritchard, Celeste Holm, and Boris Karloff. This modern musical arrangement to accompany the old familiar lines is bound to pick up that mid-Christmas afternoon slump. (Caedmon TC 1091).

The delightful playing of Ania Dorfman of the "Album for the Young," of both Tchaikowsky and Schumann will be stimulating for all children and especially for those who are learning to play the piano. At the same time it is most rewarding for the adult listener (Victor LM 1856).

A companion piece to this is "Major Classics for Minors" by Whittemore and Lowe, duo pianists. This record goes a step further and introduces some of the simpler piano music of Grieg, Beethoven, Brahms, Rachmaninoff, and many others (Victor LBY 1016).

"A Child's Introduction to Jazz," written by Mary Rogers and Marshall Barer and narrated by Bob Keeshan, is delightful and informative and should do much to reconcile the varied tastes in musical fare of older and younger generations (Golden GLP29).

Milton Cross, a veteran musical commentator, has produced two excellent records in which he uses the conversational style long familiar to adult audiences. One of these, entitled the "Instruments of the Orchestra," illustrates the use of the varied instruments in an orchestra. The other, "Magic of Music," introduces effectively the music of many composers. A manual and a game pad are included in these albums and if used judiciously could add to the enjoyment of the records. (Cabot 4021 and 4022).

The Norman Luboff Choir has an album mingling well known and less known "Songs from all over the World." This is a rare collection, because of the use of instruments appropriate to the different themes. These singers give a feeling of mood and atmosphere, both of time and of place of origin. The diction is clear throughout, but in no way intrudes on the quality of the presentation even when they sing in a foreign language. Their rendition of such old and worn songs as "Cockles and Mussels" and "Annie Laurie" are fresh and authentic, with other, less familiar ones also well done.

An interesting development has come in a new combination of music and story. Golden Records and Columbia have produced records in which a story is well told with a musical background. Using music to enhance a story is not a new procedure. What is new is that the entire musical score is included as a complete musical selection (without verbalization) on the second side. It is

(*Continued on page* 65)

Cyril Ritchard.

Beatrice Lillie.

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Recordings in Review

Rysanek—"in the top bracket."

Arias by Rysanek

VERDI: *"Pace, Pace, Mio Dio!" ("Forza"), "Ritorna Vincitor," and "O Patria Mia," ("Aida"), "Salce, Salce," and "Ave Maria" ("Otello");* PUCCINI: *"In Questa Reggia" ("Turandot"), "Vissi d'arte" ("Tosca"),* and GIORDANO: *"La Mamma Morta" ("Andrea Chenier"). Leonie Rysanek, soprano, with orchestra conducted by Arturo Basile.* RCA Victor LM 2262, $4.98.

FOR THOSE who missed Leonie Rysanek's New York debut performance of Lady Macbeth in a concert last winter, or her opera performances in Chicago and San Francisco, this record will be a revelation of voice, temperament and intelligence that put her in the top bracket of singers we are fortunate to have with us today. For those who have already had the experience, it will be an evidence of all 'round capacities hardly to be suspected from hearing her sing one specialty or another (such as the well-remembered Empress in London's recording of "Frau ohne Schatten").

As the list of contents suggests, Miss Rysanek has been put to the Civil Service test for operatic soprano, and she passes it not only with flying colors, but also with soaring top tones—especially the C sharp in "In questa reggia"—that have not lately been heard in these parts (speaking either geographically or operatically). Top notes do not make an artist, but when they are combined with the strength and security of Miss Rysanek's "Pace, pace," and the ease and control of her two "Otello" excerpts, they bespeak an unusual vocal command.

Matching her sound with the best standards of today, one would have to say that it is a thicker, less limpid production than is molded in Italy (the bottom has an almost mezzoish weight), but it is artfully colored and rarely off-pitch. And a singer who can trace such a phrase as "ah! mai più ti rivedrò" (in "O Patria Mia") as conscientiously as she does is something unusual, musically. The Italian recording is excellent (save for a moment or two when she moves away from the microphone to avoid blasting, and an unnatural effect intrudes) and Basile manages his assignment capably.

De Banfield—"a deal of personal flavor."

With Warren in Russia

BEETHOVEN: *"In questa tomba oscura,"* CACCINI: *"Amarilli,"* BACH: *"Good Fellows Be Merry" ("Peasant" Cantata),* FAURÉ: *"Les Berceaux,"* RAVEL: *"Chanson à Boire" ("Don Quichotte"),* D'INDY: *"Madrigal,"* BIZET: *"Agnus Dei,"* VERDI: *"E Sogno?" ("Falstaff"),* GIANNINI: *"Tell Me, O Blue, Blue Sky,"* GRIFFES: *"An Old Song Resung,"* TOSTI: *"L'Ultima Canzone,"* BRIDGE: *"O That It Were So,"* LEONCAVALLO: *"Mattinata." Leonard Warren, baritone, with Willard Sektberg, piano.* RCA Victor 2266, $4.98.

WELL AS Leonard Warren is known to Americans as an opera singer, it is only in scattered areas that he is equally well known as a recitalist in the gamut represented by this program. So, if it is required that he go to the Soviet Union (of which trip this is an on-the-spot documentation) to make his artistry in the song literature generally known, the results are at least worth the effort.

Taken altogether, Warren has made a surprisingly small number of wrong moves in his choice of operatic roles, and this list of songs and performances shows him to be almost equally discriminating as a concert singer. From the first Beethoven to the last Leoncavallo, the voice is audible velvet, beautifully adjusted to the matter in hand, whether it is "E Sogno?" or "Along the Colorado Trail." The level sags in the French group, not for any want of application to the musical problems, but simply because the language seems to interfere with his vocal production.

On the other hand, he manages a florid line in a translated version of Bach's "Dein Wachstum sei feste" from the "Bauern" cantata with surprising ease and fine articulation of the English text. It is clear in the later group of English songs, such as Bridge's "O That It Were So" that Warren is articulating with special care for his special audience, but it shows, again, how well English can sound when the singer knows how. Throughout the selections (made up of excerpts from concerts in Leningrad and Kiev) it is clear that Warren is reacting to the stimulation of the circumstances, with an abundance of applause to indicate that the experience was a reciprocal one. Willard Sektberg provides excellent assistance at the piano, and the recording is the best I have heard from the USSR.

New Name to Notice

DE BANFIELD: *"Lord Byron's Love Letter." Astrid Varnay, Gertrude Ribla, Nicoletta Carruba, and Mario Carlin, with orchestra conducted by Nicola Rescigno.* RCA Victor LM 2258, $4.98.

FOR THOSE to whom the name of Raffaello de Banfield is as unfamiliar as it was to me, he may be identified as an English-Italian composer in his mid-thirties, who has come under some varied musical influences (such as G. F. Malipiero and Nadia Boulanger) and gives promise of developing into a composer of real consequence. (The ballet public has encountered him as composer of the score for a work entitled "The Duel" which has been widely performed by both the Ballet Theatre and New York City companies.)

The present work is based on a Tennessee Williams playlet about an aged woman in New Orleans who adds to her purse what she can by displaying, for a fee, a letter from Lord Byron which is a family heirloom. The action involves her spinster granddaughter, and a pair of visitors to whom the letter is read,

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against a pantomime depiction of the meeting with Lord Byron at the Acropolis shortly before his death. As the visitors rush away for the Mardi Gras parade before paying their fee for the reading, there is a surprise ending with a typical Tennessee Williams touch.

In addition to reflecting some of the same Puccinian "Trittico" qualities one finds in Menotti, de Banfield's score has a deal of personal flavor in melodic line, treatment of text and colorful orchestral text which make for absorbing listening. Like Menotti, he is bilingual, with a feeling for the English words which comes through strongly on the recording. The performance of Ribla as the Spinster is outstanding (she has sung it in New Orleans and Chicago) and Varnay's is typically artistic as the Old Woman, though the voice is plainly heavy and thick for the part. Miss Carruba, as the female visitor, shows a pretty sound worth hearing again. Rescigno's conducting and the competent reproduction contribute to the appeal of a decidedly interesting undertaking.

Schubert, Schumann, and Shure

SCHUBERT: *Fantasy in C ("Wanderer")*, SCHUMANN: *Fantasy in C (Opus 17). Leonard Shure, piano.* Epic LC 3508, $3.98.

THE DEVOTION of Leonard Shure to the substantial works of the piano literature has been a constant one in his public appearances over twenty years, and it remains persistent in the records he has made lately: in addition to the present pair of weighty matters, the "Diabelli" variations of Beethoven, and another Schubert disc coupling the C minor sonata with the six "Moments Musicaux." A fine technician and a thoroughgoing scholar of his material, Shure nevertheless has never quite won me to wholehearted participation in what he plays.

There are some moments in this Schumann performance, in the reflective closing moments particularly, when Shure, at the heart of the music, is playing quietly and expressively. Elsewhere there is a driving insistency in his manner which levels off nuance, and substitutes precision for affection. In a way, this is a virtuoso trait, yet the choice of literature and Shure's long fidelity to it characterize him as anything but. Certainly the effort he invests in Schubert's "Wanderer" should produce more than the angular phrases and unsympathetic piano clangor by which it is marked.

Haydn's Last and Beecham's Best

HAYDN: *Symphonies No. 93 (D major), No. 94 (G major), No. 95 (C minor), No. 96 (D major), No. 97 (C major), and No. 98 (in B flat). Sir Thomas Beecham conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra.* Capitol-EMI GCR 7127, $14.94.

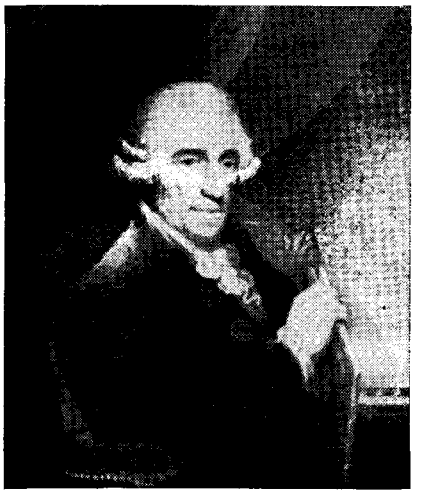
FOR THOSE WHOSE days of Haydn phonographic-listening go back to the time when knowledge of No. 93 was a matter of Beecham *aut nihlis*, the appearance of this full scale treatment of the first six "Salomon" Symphonies is more than a case of better late than never. For one thing, his strong control of the orchestra has never been greater than it is now, and there are riches of thought and meaning in every performance which show an ever-expanding concept of what they contain. And the quality of reproduction projects a long and vigorous life for them into the future of reproduced music.

Listening to these six symphonies at a sitting, one cannot escape a heightened awareness of the panoramic personality—brusque, tender, gay and profound by turns—who created them, and the difference between Beecham's realization of his purposes and those of others who interpret them. In the phonographic area that means, first of all, Hermann Scherchen. His sympathies for some of the greatest of them are well-known, and justly admired. At best, however, Scherchen provides us with a fine recreation of the music, while Beecham shows us, in infinite detail and loving comprehension, the man himself.

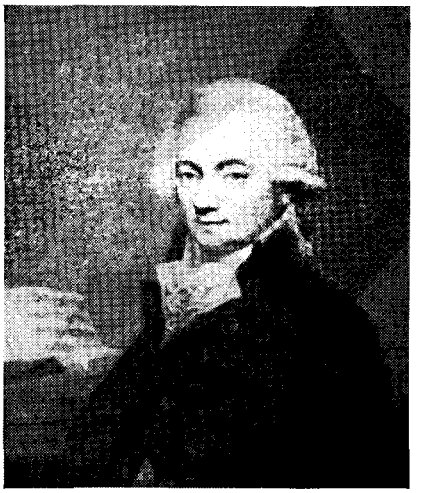
This may seem a mere matter of critical hair-splitting, a way of seeming to say something and saying nothing: but it takes in such special awarenesses of Haydn as Beecham's treatment of the bassoon joke in the largo of No. 93, the melodic line drawn out like fine-spun gold in the first movement of 94, the courtly tone with which the "Surprise" in the slow movement of the same work is administered, the relish with which all the anecdotes in its finale are retold, the delicate articulation of rhythm in the introduction of No. 95 and the gravity of its slow movement (with the cello solo trio in the menuet deftly intruded), the perfectly judged crescendo at the end of the great slow movement in No. 96—all these and many other perceptive details which relate specifically to the musical vocabulary as this one master used it.

It is an education in orchestral execution to hear the variety and meaningfulness of the violin bowings Beecham asks for (and is, of course, accorded) in order to differentiate one allegro from another, even bouncing or detached stroke from another. And for a sample of fastidious effect consider the pizzicato chord in the finale of No. 97 which has just the right *ping* of resonance to make us aware that this deft punctuation is not there because Haydn couldn't think of anything else, but because it provided precisely the right emphasis in the sequence of idea. Is there anything, then, that might be said in confutation of the possibility that this might be that supposedly non-existent thing, a Definitive Performance? Only that the piecemeal release leaves us suspended in anticipation of the last six, including the "Military," "London," "Clock," and "Drum Roll." What we have, however, is a feast that will sustain us for some time to come.

—IRVING KOLODIN.



Haydn.



Salomon.

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Recordings Reports: Miscellaneous LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach: "Magnificat." Ferdinand Leitner conducting soloists, orchestra and chorus. Archive ARC 3098. $5.95.	If this is to be the "new" artistic standard for the Archive series, that is just where the records will, most probably, remain—in the Archives. Leitner's leadership is earnest enough, if not very enlightening, but the soloists vary drastically, with Gerhard Gröschel showing real promise as a basso and Martha Schilling performing the music of the soprano capably, but Gertrude Pitzinger's alto tones are almost never focused on the exact pitch, and Heinz Marten's tenor is hard and illcontrolled. A responsible "commercial" manufacturer would almost certainly do better. The choir of the Bachwoche Ansbach is good, the recording excellent.
Beethoven: Sonatas in C minor (opus 13) and C sharp minor (opus 27, No. 2). Raymond Lewenthal, piano. West-Minster WST 14019, $5.98.	There is a good deal of worthwhile seeking and some finding in these performances: Lewenthal is clearly a performer with an impulse to formulate his own views of music, and he has both intellect and sensitivity. He is, however, also inclined to be stubbornly assertive when some gentler, more subtle purpose would be accomplished by a little unbending (as in the finale of the "Moonlight"). His good sense of piano sound in the slow movements is not carried over into the faster ones. The form of muffling practised near the end of the "Moonlight" is artificial and unconvincing. Save for the harshness noted, the reproduction is very good.
Brahms: Sonata (F minor), Scherzo (E flat). Wilhelm Kempff, piano. Decca DL 9992, $3.98.	Not many pianists of the day can match the authority, the definition, the power that Kempff brings to his performance of these works. And, like Schnabel, he manages to articulate cleanly the music he prefers though he is, not in the usual sense, an outstanding technician. What is less conducive to interest is a heaviness both of temperament and attack which deny the young Brahms some impulsiveness due him. Clean, powerful reproduction.
Giuliani: Concerto. Malats: Spanish Serenade, etc. Alexander Ivanov-Kramskoy, guitar. Monitor MC 2024, $4.98.	"Concerto" is rather an elegant name for the eighteenth century Italian work performed here by Russian virtuoso Ivanov-Kramskoy (too bad it isn't Ivanov-Korsakoff) with a string quartet. He is, however, a compelling virtuoso with an interesting musical personality, as he demonstrates in a variety of briefer works, including his own variations on Russian themes, the last having been utilized in Tchaikovsky's "1812" overture. Acceptable reproduction.
Kreisler: "Praeludium and Allegro," "Siciliano and Rigaudon," "Menuet," "Liebeslied," "Liebesfreud," "La Gitana," "Schön Rosmarin," etc. The Concertmasters conducted by Emanuel Vardi. Decca DL 79986, $5.98.	The Concertmasters have added cellos and basses since they made their first all-violin record, but they are still the Concertmasters and doubtless will remain so if they gather winds and brass to them as well. The playing is invariably accomplished and the spirit mostly very good, especially in the melodically flowing pieces arranged by M. Gusikoff and others. However, a dozen or more violinists playing "Tambourin Chinois" or "Caprice Viennois" in unison is not my idea of quiet entertainment (one good enough is quite enough). Also included are Kreisler's transcriptions of the second Dvorak "Slavonic Dance" and Tartini's variations on a theme of Corelli. The sound has a hard chrome finish in pursuit of ultra high fidelity which is irritating in the high register.
Mozart: Sonatas in C (K. 296), E minor (K. 304), and G (K. 301). Nathan Milstein, violin, with Leon Pommers, piano. Capitol P 8452, $4.98.	Milstein resists all the virtuoso urges in these three fine performances, though he does not devalue any part of his superb equipment in so doing. Rather he spins a strong supple line against the well phrased piano playing of Pommers, in which there is always vitality of thought and feeling but no over-extension of ego. The three works are full of Mozartian subtleties, especially the C major of 1778, which springs from the operatic wit beloved in the later "Figaro" and "Cosi." Finely balanced sound.
Schubert: "La Pastorella," "Seligkeit," "Du bist die Ruh," "Die Forelle," "Hirt auf dem Felsen." Mendelssohn: "Schilflied," "Neue Liebe," "Es weiss und rät es doch keiner." Schoeck: "Nachruf," "Reiselied," etc. Maria Stader, soprano, with Karl Engel, piano, and Rudolf Gall, clarinet. Decca DL 9994, $3.98.	The beautiful sound of Stader's voice, the ease of execution and perfect taste she brings to whatever she sings is constantly at her command in this generous collection. However she practices a rather ascetic restraint in the Schubert songs which tends to make them sound rather alike, the well-played clarinet obbligato in "Der Hirt" providing a welcome variety of color. Overside she is a complete delight in the Mendelssohn songs, and an eloquent champion for the material of Schoeck, a Swiss composer who died in 1957. He has all the skills of a fine lieder composer at his disposal, and if they could be obscure Wolf, Marx or Strauss, they are nevertheless worth knowing. Engel is all he should be at the piano.
Strauss: "Traum durch die Dämmerung," "Ständchen," "Morgen," "Wozu noch, Mädchen," "Freundliche Vision," "O Wärst du mein," "All mein Gedanken," "Befreit," "Herr Lenz," "Die Nacht," "Heimliche Aufforderung," etc. Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone, with Gerald Moore, piano. Angel 35600, $4.98.	Add "Ach, weh mir unglückhaften Mann," "Nachtgang," "Ich liebe dich," "Ruhe meine Seele" and "Zueignung," to the material enumerated at the left and Fischer-Dieskau has committed himself to virtually every great song in the Strauss repertory. Despite the challenge (or because?) this strikes me as his greatest accomplishment to date thanks in large part, I suspect, to the experienced guidance of Moore. He works the singer's best dynamic range—slightly below mezzo forte—into a pattern of relative dynamics which constantly gratify the ear and yet leave him some reserve for climaxes. "Heimliche Aufforderung" remains a little heavy for him, but the versatility and taste of this singer make him a rarity.
Tchaikovsky: "Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt," "At the Ball," "So soon forgotten." Rachmaninoff: "In the silence of the night," "O cease thy singing maiden fair," "The Soldier's Bride," etc. Jennie Tourel, mezzo, with Brooks Smith, piano. Decca DL 9981, $3.98.	The somewhat weepy beginning with a cello-obbligato version of "None but the lonely heart" (George Ricci performing) promises none too well, but the remainder is a straightforward recital of Russian songs, interpreted by Miss Tourel with insight, verbal felicity and much warmth of feeling. The vocal quality is also good, save where a narrow intervallic change clouds the intonation. Such a song as "At the Ball" has not been interpreted so well since the good days of Maria Kurenko. Also included are songs of Gretchaninoff, Dargomijsky, Glinka, and Rimsky-Korsakoff. Brooks Smith collaborates effectively.
Verdi: "Il santo nome di Dio," ("Forza"), "Il lacerato spirito," (Simon Boccanegra), etc. Bellini: "Ite sul colle" ("Norma"), and "Vi ravviso" ("Sonnambula"). Boris Christoff, bass, with Rome Opera Orchestra and chorus conducted by Vittorio Gui. Capitol G 7125, $4.98.	For Christoff to sing every one of these episodes (plus "D'Egitto la sui lidi" and "Del futuro nel bujo discerno" from "Nabucco") with the success that marks his Moussorgsky songs, the role of "Boris" or Mephistopheles would put him in a singular category of super-singer, not the one of excellence to which he is entitled. For all the power of expression and artistry he brings to the "Forza" excerpt or the "Norma" cavatina, it is audible that he is singing full out much of the time, without the contrast wanted. In addition he doesn't have the low voice for the proper effect in "Il lacerato spirito." Thus, though the general average is very high, Christoff is challenging masters of several different styles in this collection, and not matching the highest standards each has established. Gui brings fervor to the accompaniments. —I. K.

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Organ Music, New and Old

By DAVID HEBB

SOME of the most glorious music imaginable can come from a pipe organ and, on the other hand, it can be a mushy, uninteresting bore. In the field of organ music, as in many another area, we seem to be running afoul of the common misapprehension that if it's bigger, it's going to be better, and that this year's models are better because, figuratively speaking, they're longer and wider. It's fatuous to imply that the worth of an organ can be computed according to some esoteric formula involving the number of pipes, since mere size bears little relationship to the way an instrument will sound. The behemoth will be particularly difficult to record because of the vast area encompassed, to oversimplify a rather complex situation.

There are, however, two valid factors that are important. One of these is the taste of the organist, and the other is the taste of the designer and builder of the instrument, for it is they who produce the character of tone color which the listener hears.

While there are differences in the sound of individual pianos, violins, flutes—or any instruments, for that matter—those differences are, one may hope, of a minor character, to be detected only by a skilled, highly trained ear. The pipe organ is a completely different article, possessing such individual character that some instruments can be identified merely by their sound on records. Thus it's fair to say that while one goes to a piano recital to hear the pianist, one goes to an organ recital to hear both the organist and the organ.

Marcel Dupré has long held an enviable position as a performer of prodigious talent who can display an instrument to its best advantage. Now 72, he has for years been the virtual dean of the French school of playing, renowned not only for his technique and a fabled memory, but for a superb taste in registration—the musician's term for choice of tone color to suit a given occasion. And it may add a star or two to his crown to recall that in 1920 he first gave a series of ten recitals in which he performed, from memory, the complete organ works of Johann Sebastian Bach. He repeated the *tour de force* at least twice later for good measure.

Dupré has recorded two works of Widor and two of his own compositions for Mercury (MG 50169). Charles-Marie Widor replaced Franck at the Paris Conservatoire in 1890, edited the organ music of Bach with Albert Schweitzer, and wrote ten works which he called "symphonies" and for which "suites" would be a more accurate term. The record opens brilliantly with the Allegro movement from the Sixth Widor Symphony, in G Minor, Op. 42 No. 2, which states its theme in a sequence of immense chords and goes on in rapid-fire dialogue between manuals and pedal. It is a demanding recital piece, not to be played except by an organist of tremendous powers. Dupré is such an artist. Not so flamboyant is the second Widor work, the "Salve Regina," based on a Gregorian melody and included as a part of the Second Organ Symphony.

As a composer, Dupré is a creator of music in a style which has come to be known as French, but with less of a rather aimless wandering than is represented by many examples of the school. He has a gift for the effective use of dissonances and he makes the most of interesting rhythmic patterns. "Triptyque" was composed a little over a year ago and performed for the first time at the dedication of the organ (Aeolian-Skinner) in the Henry and Edsel Ford Auditorium in Detroit on October 6, 1957. It is in three movements. "Chaconne" is a set of variations; "Musette" features an oboe register framed against a rapid pattern in the pedal; the final movement, "Dithyrambe," contrasts fast and slow passages and leads back to the theme of the first movement. Dupré's Prelude and Fugue in G Minor completes the record.

This is, to our knowledge, the first recording of the recently-rebuilt Aeolian-Skinner organ in St. Thomas's Church, on New York's Fifth Avenue, neighbor to the Museum of Modern Art. As a point of interest, it has five sets of chorus reeds, on the manuals, of sixteen-, eight-, and four-foot pitches. All in all, it is a superb recording, and will doubtless be warmly received by high-fidelity enthusiasts who like to display their equipment to good advantage.

While Marcel Dupré has played only the opening movement of the Widor Sixth Symphony, Columbia has released the complete work under the hand of Albert Schweitzer (ML 5290), coupled with the Mendelssohn Sonata No. 4, in B-flat, Op. 65. Fifty years from now this record will possibly command far more interest than the Dupré, much as if we now had a recording of Thomas Jefferson playing the violin. The main interest here is Dr. Schweitzer himself, for the recording would not say a great deal without mentioning the name of its distinguished performer. The quality of the recording is dull and lifeless, the organ unidentified.

Some time ago we had the pleasure of hearing some recordings made of the organ in the Vårfrukyrke, at Skänninge, Sweden. Recording this organ was an ambitious project of Westminster, who were so impressed with the acoustics of the church that they engaged a leading organ builder to overhaul the instrument. As it has been recorded, it is a fine example of the non-imitative pipe organ which eschews the "orchestral" type of voicing so popular in the 19th Century.

Recently released performances on it are another album in the series of Carl Weinrich's "Complete Bach Works," and Volume 6 of the complete Buxtehude, performed by Alf Linder. The Bach comprises the six Trio Sonatas and as many Trios on three 12-inch records (XWN 3308). This is not, by any means, the first time that the Trio Sonatas have been recorded, either in a group or individually, but it is a particularly effective combination of performer and instrument. Mr. Weinrich's playing is smooth-flowing and thoroughly ingratiating, and he establishes a wonderful rapport with the organ in bringing out, with splendid clarity, the three individual lines of music which Bach wrote for two manuals and pedal. The lover of overpowering masses of organ tone will not find it here; rather, a kind of chamber music with the organ fitted neatly into the living room area.

Mr. Linder, who plays the Buxtehude (XWN 18689), is the permanent organist of Stockholm's largest church. His playing shows a great deal of polish and vigor, and indicates that he is extremely fond of Buxtehude. This sixth volume of Westminster's all-Buxtehude project offers six works: two choral-fantasias, "Te Deum Laudamus," and "Ich Dank den Lieben Herre," a Toccata in D Minor, and three sets of choral variations. Those who are familiar with Protestant hymn-tunes will detect an uncanny resemblance between the theme of this third choral-variation and "Old Hundredth," which reputedly had its origin in Switzerland. Crisp as toast and dry as a martini, there's color and clarity here that is a credit to Linder and the organ at Skänninge.

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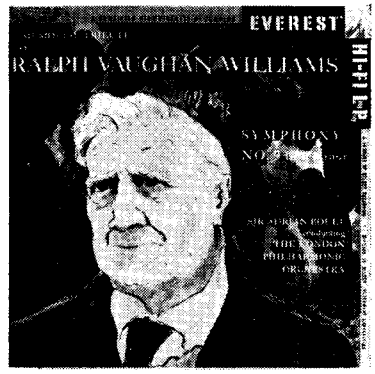

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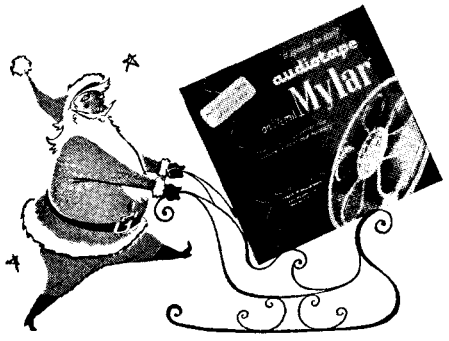

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THE OTHER SIDE

THE STEREO FRONT

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ON THE stereo front I can report but little change during the past two weeks, for the new records are slow to arrive (none of the EMI releases announced for October has so far materialized) and those eager to equip themselves for binaural discs are still quite unable to purchase a single pick-up cartridge of first-class quality. Such crystal units as are available have a poor response and are anything but kind to the records, but I have been profoundly impressed by a pre-production sample of the Tannoy variable reluctance cartridge which should prove a formidable rival to the much-boosted but still elusive Decca ffss pick-up. Using this Tannoy, in conjunction with the fine new Leak stereo amplifier and control unit, and a pair of first-class loudspeakers, the results from some of the latest Decca-group discs such as Vivaldi's "Four Seasons" (Münchinger), the complete "Firebird" (Ansermet) and RCA's "Sacre du Printemps" (Monteux) have been nothing short of a revelation, underlining the immense musical gain to be derived from stereo.

Now that the first DGG stereo recordings are beginning to arrive from Germany (and very good they are, too), Philips alone among the major companies has not so far contributed to the new medium, though Pye has been strangely inactive since it set the ball rolling in rather shaky fashion last summer. Decca, on the other hand, has announced another substantial list for November, and this includes the Flagstad set of "Die Walküre (Act 3), Puccini's "Fanciulla del West" with Tebaldi, del Monaco and Cornel MacNeil, Operatic Recitals by Tebaldi and Carlo Bergonzi, and Flagstad's collection entitled "Great Sacred Songs." Schubert's Octet will be the company's first chamber stereo venture, while orchestral discs include Schubert's C major Symphony (Krips), "Carmen" and "Arlésienne" Suites (Ansermet), String Serenades by Mozart and Tchaikovsky (Israel Phil./Solti), Ballet Music by Chopin and Delibes (Maag) and a Johann Strauss program (Krips). From RCA we are promised a trio of conventional favorites in the Franck Symphony (Münch), Beethoven's Third Concerto (Rubinstein/Krips) and Seventh Symphony (Reiner).

Although many collectors one talks to make no bones about their intentions to restrict record purchases to a minimum until such time as they are able to go over to stereo, the large number of monaural issues announced for November by all the companies suggests that no marked falling-off in seasonal turnover is in fact anticipated. Decca, apart from duplicating some stereo releases such as the Schubert Octet, "The Merry Widow" with Gueden, "La Fanciulla del West" and Ansermet's Bizet coupling, includes a new Flagstad disc devoted to the songs of Sibelius, Ricci's coupling of the two Prokofiev Concertos and Peter Katin's performance of Rachmaninov's 1st Concerto, backed by Tchaikovsky's rarely-heard Concert Fantasia in G.

RCA's new set of the Brandenburg Concertos under Münch is unlikely to win many friends here, lacking as it does any consistency of style and execution. How welcome, on the other hand, are the reissues featured each month, since many recordings now deleted from the HMV catalogue are already sorely missed. On this occasion we welcome back the Toscanini Missa Solemnis and Rubinstein's splendid disc of the Chopin Preludes; in addition there is also the Maestro's later version of Schubert's C major Symphony, not previously issued here.

Parlophone's Russian series is resumed with three most interesting discs, comprising Brandenburg Concertos 3 and 4 with Oistrakh as one of the soloists in the latter work, a Rostropovitch coupling of the Schumann Concerto—impeccably played, but without true romantic impulse—and the Shostakovitch Sonata (with the composer at the piano), and a performance, as yet unheard, of the Franck Piano Quintet in which the pianist is the great Richter. These Russian artists are bringing back to the Parlophone label some of its former lustre—who can forget the days when Lotte Lehmann and Richard Tauber were its brightest stars?—yet it is difficult to fathom why EMI should want to revive a label which, as far as the classical repertoire is concerned, had become almost moribund. There can be no practical advantage in keeping alive all the separate EMI labels, now that the group has complete control over its American outlets—is it due to sentimental reasons or a reluctance to face the

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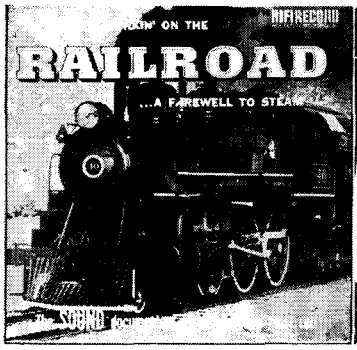

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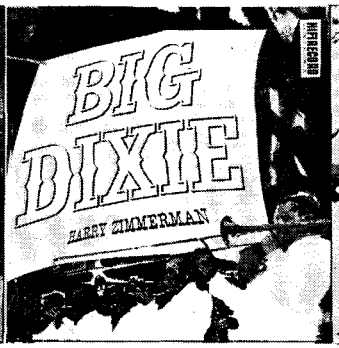

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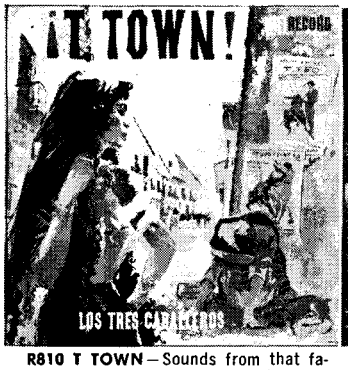

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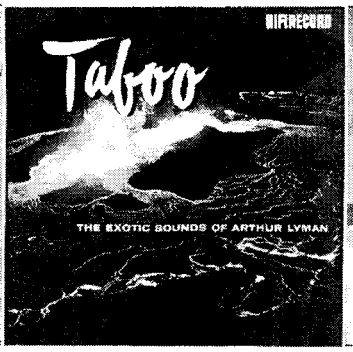

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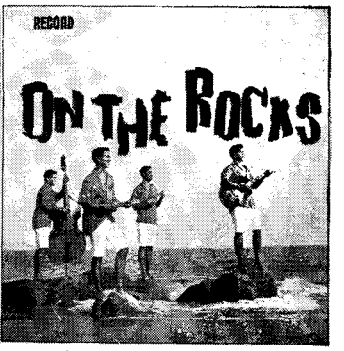

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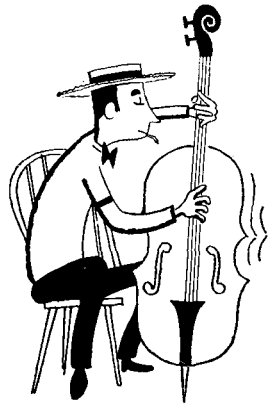

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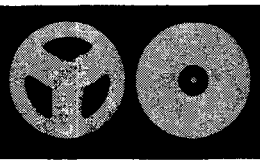

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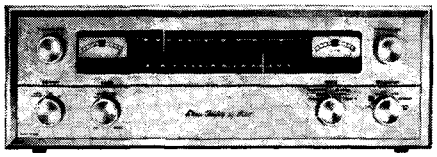

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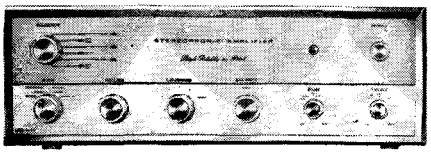

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temporary upheaval of a thorough reorganization? With Decca, things are somewhat different, for its associate labels exist independently elsewhere.

Perhaps a joint HMV/Columbia/Capitol/Parlophone list might be thought too cumbersome; this month's is certainly a mighty affair and can be more easily surveyed under the separate labels. Outstanding among the HMV releases is that neglected masterpiece among Verdi's operas, "Simon Boccanegra." (Sadler's Wells produced it ten years ago with considerable success but, after a season or two, it once more fell into disuse and has not been heard here since.) Cetra's recording, issued here a year ago, was one of that company's more successful efforts, but it is now outclassed by the HMV set in which Gobbi sings the title-role, Christoff is an imposing Fiesco, Victoria de los Angeles a lovely Maria, and Giuseppe Campora a better-than-average Gabriele. Santini conducts the Chorus and Orchestra of the Rome Opera most competently but one wishes that Giulini might have undertaken this task, for he would surely have transformed a fine performance into a truly great and memorable experience.

For the rest, HMV's list is concerned mainly with routine duplications of standard classics: Cantelli's Beethoven 7 (lately released in stereo form), a rather uneven Dvorak 4 (Philharmonia/Silvestri), a workmanlike Sibelius 2 (BBC/Sargent), meticulous readings by Solomon of the Schumann and Grieg Concertos (the third time that these two works have been coupled together in recent months), excerpts from "Swan Lake" by Kurtz and the Philharmonia (with Menuhin playing the famous violin solo!). More interesting, to my mind, is Rosalyn Tureck's disc of Partitas 1 and 2 by Bach, and we also have a delightful coupling of Bassoon Concertos by Mozart and Stamitz, performed with undiminished skill and impeccable style by the 70-year-old doyen of British bassoonists, Archie Camden, finely supported by the London Mozart Players under Harry Blech. Current re-issues include the famous Schnabel/Pro Arte version of the "Trout" Quintet, another enchanting Elisabeth Schumann EP containing Adele's songs from "Die Fledermaus" and two numbers from operettas by Zeller, and, in the same format, four Purcell songs (Deller) as well as a group of English folk songs by Pears and Britten (including their famous succès de scandale, "The foggy, foggy dew").

Columbia offers two outsize symphonies: Shostakovitch's latest, No. 11, has been recorded, "in the presence of the composer," by the Orchestre National de la Radiodiffusion Française under Cluytens and occupies three long 12-inch sides, while Bruckner's fine 8th, splendidly performed by the Berlin Philharmonic under Karajan (whose joint performances of more conventional fare—Beethoven, Brahms, Mozart and Wagner—have been acclaimed at the Festival Hall this past week), is spread over four sides. Klemperer's somewhat idiosyncratic account of the 4th Symphony rounds off his Brahms cycle; Iturbi fills his customary dual role of soloist and conductor in Mozart's great E flat Concerto, K. 482, but in neither capacity does he suggest any marked feeling for the elusive idiom; two notable violinists of the younger generation, Michael Rabin and Igor Oistrakh, state their respective views concerning the Mendelssohn and Tchaikovsky Concertos (the former backed by Ravel's Tzigane and Saint-Saëns' Havanaise, the latter disc also including S-S's Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso), both displaying technical accomplishments of a high order but hardly the musical insight of some of their elders.

MARKEVITCH'S "realisation" of the "Musical Offering" will appeal mainly to those who like streamlined and technicolored Bach, but few will complain about the kind of gloss which Karajan and the Philharmonia bring to excerpts from "Gaité Parisienne," the "Passo a tre e Coro tirolese" from "William Tell" and the ballet music from "Faust." Instrumental discs include thoughtful performances of Beethoven's "Pathetique" and "Waldstein" Sonatas by the Hungarian pianist Annie Fischer, who has become quite a favorite with British audiences during the past year or two; Janos Starker has re-recorded his tremendous account of Kodaly's Sonata for solo cello (the earlier, Period, disc of which made him world-famous), coupled this time with Dohnanyi's rather empty Konzertstück for cello and orchestra.

Recent DGG releases have not brought us much to enthuse about, but before concluding this report I should like to mention two November issues of more than passing interest. It is rather puzzling to be confronted by a Harp Concerto attributed to Handel but it is in fact a perfectly genuine piece published during the composer's lifetime, though more familiar to us in its other version for organ and orchestra (Op. 4, No. 6). This concerto receives an enchanting performance at the hands of Nicanor Zabaleta, with Fricsay and the RIAS Orchestra, though the Debussy Danses on the other side are rather less stylishly handled. —THOMAS HEINITZ.

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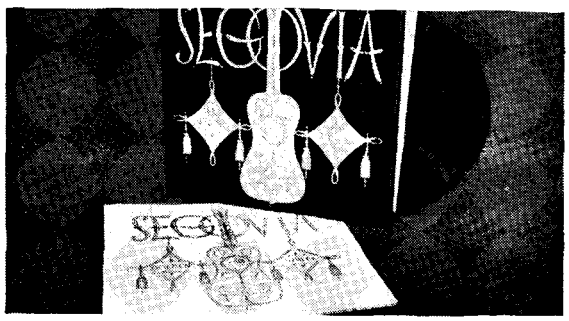

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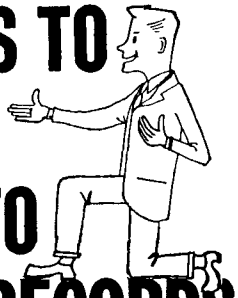

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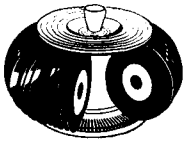

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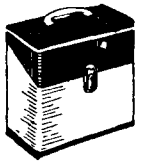

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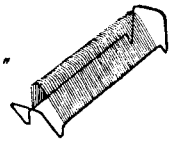

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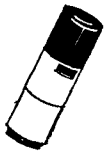

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THE AMEN CORNER

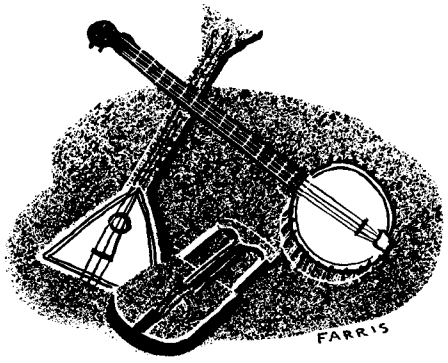
Whom Do You Like?

IT is one of the happy facts of art criticism that it begins with that fine, free and famous utterance "I don't know anything about music, *but* I know what I like," and that, after years of musical education, it can and frequently does reach the equally fine and free utterance, "I know a good deal about music, *and* I know what I like." There will, of course, presumably be a great difference between the likes of the musically illiterate and the literate; but the desideratum, in any case, is the liking, the real response to music, the emotion it can stir in life. On the one hand, we have a man who can be moved by a brazen cornet at sundown; on the other we have a musicologist who seems to be more concerned with the details of a fugal score than he does with the sound of the fugue itself. On the one hand, we have a devotee of a warped and gin-soaked record by the late Bessie Smith; on the other we have a high fidelity shark whose pleasures in music seem to have diminished in the course of a passion for wiring.

But—it will immediately be objected—we must have a scale of musical values. Very well, I have no objection to that, provided it is well understood that any such scale is at best a mental scheme, an intellectual construct, which may have no relation to the musical mood of the moment. I am myself capable of spinning out large scalar generalities, such as the idea that the noblest and most potent music is that which possesses the grandest and subtlest architecture of sound. All other things being equal, I suppose I would rather hear the major works of Sebastian Bach than any music I know of. Their claim is at once so massively impersonal and so intricately intimate that I suppose I could listen to them oftener than to any other works of which I am aware. But all other things are never equal, and, as a man, I am only intermittently geared to the music of Bach or of any other composer. Let us not forget the Fauré nocturnes and the Mahler songs. Let us not, for that matter, forget the brazen cornet at sundown. A scale of values is an intellectual scheme. There are songs in the trees and a man playing the bamboo flute in a Japanese graveyard.

These reflections are prompted by the fact that the field of jazz music has now acquired a full critical apparatus, from naive enthusiasts to musically learned analysts such as André Hodeir and Gunther Schuller, and that there is a great tendency toward solemn categorization and departmentalization. I would issue a mild word of warning. I would suggest that in this relatively new and venturesome form of music the high musical delights have been largely spontaneous and fugitive—the work of men imbued with musicality and given, praise be, to auto-intoxication. This applies both to the older and the newer jazz men. It is reflected in the fact that almost any 12-inch LP will contain only a few truly striking passages, although the rest may be steadily and ingeniously interesting. This is in the nature of an essentially improvised music. Architecturally, jazz is exceedingly simple by comparison with the literature of Western concert music. Its finest values are relatively momentary and personal (or multi-personal in the case of its best examples of collective improvisation). Its beauty is of the brief, inspired sort which resists any such pontifical exercise as erecting a scale of values. Who is to discriminate, in this sense, between such trumpeters as Louis Armstrong, Bix Beiderbecke, Joe Smith, Tommy Ladnier, Roy Eldridge, Dizzy Gillespie and Miles Davis? One can merely try to characterize them individually (a difficult enough task, as those who have tried it will appreciate) and salute them as men who have been magicians.

This month we have the fine, clarion trumpet of Ruby Braff playing in middle-period jazz style and in such happy cahoots as I have never heard him. His associates are Vic Dickenson, trombone; Samuel Margolis, tenor sax and clarinet; Nat Pierce, piano; Walter



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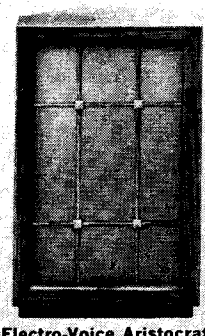

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Page, bass; and Joe Jones, drums. The tunes are mostly ballads rendered with a jubilant kick and, despite the Basiesque character of the rhythm section, the prevailing tinge is pulsing gold rather than insinuating blue (ARS G-445).

The gaily turbulent alto saxophonist Julian "Cannonball" Adderley, a modern man with almost too much to say for himself, is to be heard in a compelling quintet whose other members are Blue Mitchell, trumpet; Bill Evans, piano; Sam Jones, bass; and Philly Joe Jones, drums. Adderley is one of those superbly fluent players who frequently make you long for more restraint, some hint of classic forbearance (when does he ever breathe?), but, on the other hand, his vigor is infectious and it spreads through the band. Their program is based on modern "lines" (chord sequences), interrupted by a handsome approach to "People Will Say We're In Love" (Riverside RLP 12-269).

A recorded café performance of the pianist Thelonius Monk finds him with Johnny Griffin, tenor sax; Ahmed Abdul-Malik, bass; and Roy Haynes, drums. The famous Monk composes assertive, angular themes with a great deal of chordal nuance, and Griffin embellishes them here with his own sinuous wiles. It is brusque, blue music, probably not to the taste of anyone who is not well into the modern jazz idiom. Originally, as they say in certain critical circles, I found it difficult of access, but I have long since become a Monk devotee and regard him as robust and sensitive master of modern barrel-house style (Riverside RLP 12-262).

Warne Marsh is a tenor saxophonist and a former student of Lennie Tristano, who is certainly one of the most musically sophisticated jazz men alive today. Marsh provides a quietly exploratory, warm, winning idea of himself with Paul Chambers, bass; Ronnie Ball, piano; and Philly Joe Jones or Paul Motian, drums. This is the refined opposite of musical exhibitionism (Atlantic 1291). And so is almost anything played under the aegis of the pianist Mal Waldron, a composer of calmly seductive themes and a lovely improviser in a ruminative vein. His latest small-band program includes such fine players as trumpeter Art Farmer and drummer Elvin Jones, and is specially appealing for the plucked cello choruses of Calo Scott and the delightfully easy ride of the whole combination in Waldron's "Ollie's Caravan" (Prestige 8201). Group sympathy like this may not be the most incandescent thing in jazz, but it will serve to keep me in front of the speakers and away from scales of value. —WILDER HOBSON.

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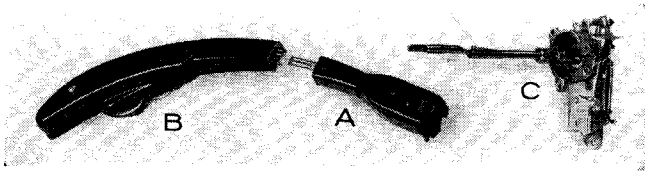

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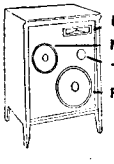

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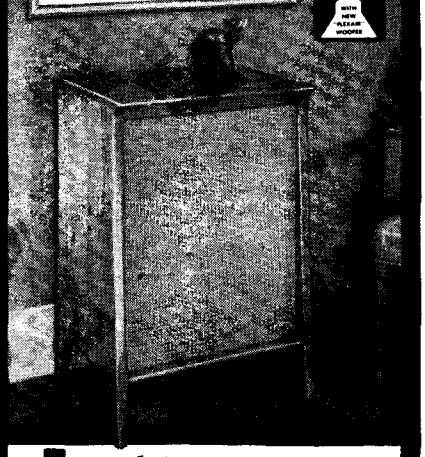

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Exotica from Wisconsin

IRWIN FISCHER: *"Hungarian Set for Strings and Celeste."* ROBERT NAGEL: *Concerto for Trumpet and Strings, Op. 8. Eugene Blee, trumpet.* CHOU WEN-CHUNG: *"Landscapes."* JOHN LESSARD: *Concerto for Flute, Clarinet, Bassoon, String Quartet, and String Orchestra. Thor Johnson, conducting the Peninsula Festival Orchestra.* CRI-122.

KODALY: *"Summer Evening."* ROZSA: *"Hungarian Serenade." Arthur Winograd, conducting the M-G-M Orchestra.* MGM E 3631.

HUNGARIA, foreign and domestic, is served to us on two different platters, by Zoltan Kodaly, Miklos Rozsa, and Irwin Fischer. While both Kodaly and Rozsa are the real thing, Iowa-born Irwin Fischer has concocted a Hungarian Set that is as colorful as a travel poster. While studying with Kodaly in Budapest in 1936, he discovered the melodies which are turned to such good effect in this unpretentious Suite. These are not serious or important folk tunes such as appealed to Kodaly and Bartok; they are, rather, popular folk melodies. Thor Johnson's players make this setting of Danubian lore sound luscious.

Kodaly's "Summer Evening" is not Hungarian by intent. It is a sweet piece that belongs in the company of works by Grieg and MacDowell. Dating from 1906, though revised in 1930, this is a pleasant if not really a strongly characteristic work. It is not the Kodaly of "Hary Janos." In fact, the "Hungarian Serenade" of Rozsa is more closely related to that Kodaly score than is "Summer Evening." Both works are spiritedly conducted by Arthur Winograd with the M-G-M Orchestra. Perhaps more indicative of Rozsa's style is the recording of his movie music for Kipling's "Jungle Book." (Victor LM-2118.)

Even Kipling might have wondered at the meeting of the twain—east and west—in such music as that composed by the young Chinese-American Chou Wen-Chung. Chou's three "Landscapes," while written for a full Western-style orchestra, are fragile in style and inspiration but solid as music. He is a brilliant example of the fusing of Western technic and oriental expression. Again Thor Johnson brings us this music in a superior performance, as he does in John Lessard's Concerto for Flute, Clarinet, Bassoon, String Quartet, and String Orchestra, and Robert Nagel's Concerto for Trumpet and Strings, brilliantly trumpeted by Eugene Blee.

—OLIVER DANIEL.

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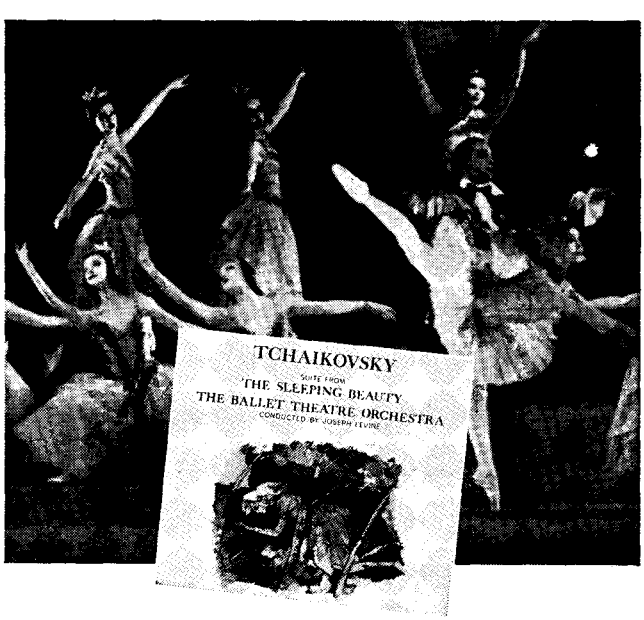

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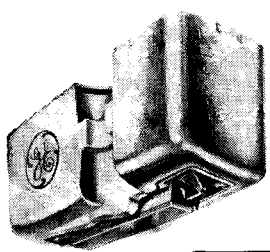

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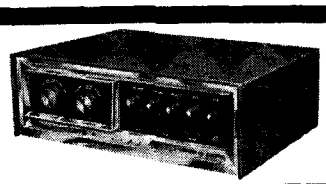

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Viviene Stenson	"As I Have Heard Tell," *English Nursery Rhymes recited and sung.* (Well paced—good diction.)	Folkways FC7030	4.25
Gene Kelly	"Nursery Songs and Stories." (Very pleasant nursery songs on one side; story accompanied by music on reverse.)	Columbia CL1063	3.98

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Michael Redgrave	"Tales of Hans Christian Andersen."	Caedmon TC 1073	5.95
Bing Crosby sings and narrates, music by Lew Spence	"Never Be Afraid." (Musical Version of Emperor's New Clothes.)	Golden Records GLP22	1.98
Bing Crosby sings and narrates, music by Dean Fuller	"Jack B Nimble." (A Mother Goose Fantasy.) Golden Chamber Orchestra.	Golden Records GLP23	1.98
Leo Genn, Narrator, Miklos Rozsa, Conductor	"Jungle Book by Kipling." "Thief of Bagdad," Musical score of film.	RCA Victor LM 2118	4.98

FOLK SONGS AND FOLK MUSIC

Bob and Louise Decomier	"Songs Children Sing in Italy." (Sung in English.) (Attractive collection, well sung.)	Judson J3025	
Toni Scott sings and Will Rogers Jr. narrates	"Great American Folk Heroes." "Heroes by legend, not by the man."	Judson J3013	
Win Stracke	"A Golden Treasury of Songs America Sings." (Good collection, well sung, diction good.)	Golden Records GLP31	$1.98
Johnny Richardson	"Children's Songs." (Good rhythm, good diction.)	Folkways FC 7036	4.25
Norman Luboff Choir	"Songs of the World." (Unusually fine collection and fine rendition.)	Columbia C2L13 (two records)	7.98
The Weavers	"Weavers at Carnegie Hall." (Excellent collection, well executed.)	Vanguard VRS9010	4.98
Swift Eagle	"The Pueblo Indians in Story, Song, and Dance." (Interesting, authentic Indian material with colorfully illustrated book.)	Caedmon CS 1015	5.00
Hillel and Aviva	"Land of Milk and Honey." "Israeli Songs," accompanied by shepherd's pipe and Miriam Drum. (A most unusual collection; excellent voice quality.)	Riverside RLP 12-803	4.98
	"Golden Slumber," *A Selection of Lullabies from Near and Far.* (Charming lullabies in beautiful book.)	Caedmon 1020	4.95

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Children's

Continued from page 46

an excellent experience in listening for children to hear the music by itself after having heard it as an accompaniment to the story (Golden Records A198:22; Columbia CL1063).

Michael Redgrave, Carl Sandburg, Judith Anderson, Basil Rathbone, and Joseph Cotten are some of the other fine artists who are lending their talent to records for children.

Records that are readings from the classics, or are stories told aloud, will stimulate children's interest in books and reading, provided the published books are available. The young child will enjoy a record better if he has first heard the story read by a member of the family. The intimate contact with the reader and an opportunity to see the book and look at the pictures is a first step in listening to the voice alone. Older children will often be stimulated to go to the original book after hearing an excerpt on a record. When the "Pied Piper of Hamelin" was dramatized on TV, they used music from Grieg's "Peer Gynt" Suite. It is interesting that many children were stimulated to hear more of Grieg. In the same way, hearing Michael Redgrave read stories of Hans Christian Andersen will arouse more interest in *reading* Andersen.

Adults are much concerned by the great interest in rock and roll displayed by youngsters. When children are exposed to varied types of listening they can be as discriminating in their choice of rock and roll as any collector of classical records can be. They listen to differences and make comparisons of various presentations. They know just why they prefer one singer to another. This power of discriminatory listening transfers itself to other types of music. Our twelve-year-old friend discarded one recording of the Peer Gynt Suite because he felt the percussions drowned out the melody in the section "The Hall of the Mountain King." This degree of selectivity comes from a freedom to listen to many records, not all of which are good by adult standards, and many of which will be of only transitory interest for the child.

The prevalence of long-playing records has many advantages when it comes to introducing classical music to children. There are many fine recordings on the market and it is possible to please all kinds of taste and interests. Records by a particular composer, a special artist or a favorite conductor will be requested by some children. Among these might be the Concert-Masters of New York playing

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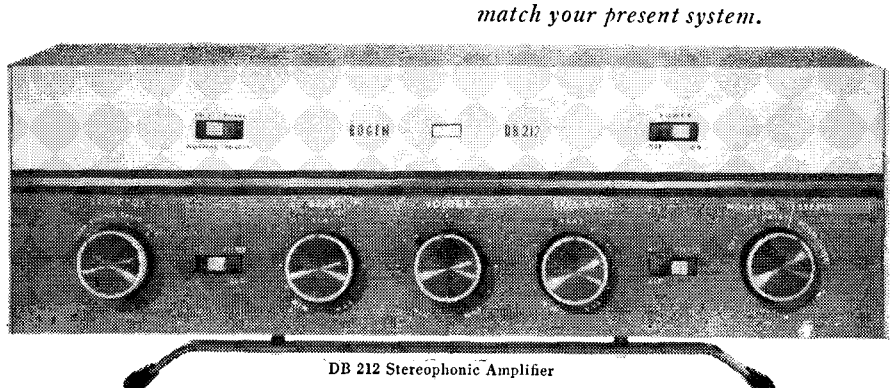

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	"Folk Dances of Eight Countries." (Contains instructions—large variation in tempo.)	Colonial LP 110	3.98
Marais and Miranda	"Ballads of Long Ago with Pardo," *Ancient Instrument Ensemble.*	Columbia ML 4894	3.98
Gay Gordons	"Jim Cameron and His Scottish Dance Band."	London LL 1581	3.98
Lucienne Vernay	"Songs in French for Children."	Columbia CL675	3.98
Israel Folk Dance Orchestra	"Martha Schlamm and Chorus." Choreographic notations and Instructions.	Israel Music Foundation #115, 120	each 1.25
Naomi Zuri, Jerusalem Broadcasting Symphony Orchestra	"Songs and Dances on Biblical Themes." (Unusual music.)	Arzi Records LP202	3.98

LIGHT OPERA AND POPULAR

Bob Keeshan, written by Mary Rodgers and Marshall Barer	"A Child's Introduction to Jazz." (Music by Melnick.)	Golden Record GLP29	$1.98
Amalia Rodrigues	"Fado and Flamenco Favorites." (Variety of selection; good rhythm.)	Angel 65039	3.98
Mary Martin, Richard Rodgers	"Mary Martin Sings, Richard Rodgers Plays."	RCA Victor LPM 1539	3.98
Leonard Bernstein	"West Side Story."	Columbia OL 5230	4.98
Ataulfo Argenta conducting Gran Orquesta Sinfonia	"Music of Espana," Vol. 6. (Spanish theatrical music, very well performed.)	London LL 1701	3.98
	"Cante Flamenco," Anthology Vol. 1. (Lively, varied.)	Westminster WL5303	3.98
Gershwin	"Porgy and Bess."	Columbia CL 922	3.98
D'Oyly Carte Opera Co.	"Mikado."	London 4203	9.96

CHRISTMAS MUSIC

Harry Belafonte	"To Wish You a Merry Christmas." (Beautiful selections, beautifully sung.)	RCA Victor LPM 1887	$4.98
Paul Wing	"Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer and other Christmas Favorites." (Popular Christmas favorites, gaily presented.)	RCA Victor LBY 1011	1.98
Menotti	"Amahl and the Night Visitors." (Original cast of the NBC Telecast.)	Victor LM 1701	4.98
Sir Malcolm Sargent, Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra with Huddersfield Choral Society	"Highlights from Handel's 'Messiah'." (Excellent introduction to this music.)	Angel 35551	3.98
Alfred Deller	"Holly and the Ivy."	Vanguard Theatre Showcase VRS499	4.98
Welch Chorale	"Music Box of Christmas Carols."	Vanguard Theatre Showcase VRS428	4.98
" "	"American Children Sing Xmas Carols."	Westminster WP6025	3.98
" "	"A Christmas Sampler."	Westminster WPS-2	1.98
Mantovani	"Mantovani Xmas Carols."	London 913	3.98
Westminster Abbey Chorus and Bach Choir	"Christmas Carols."	London LL1095	3.98

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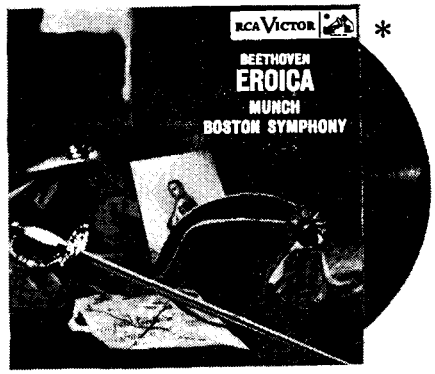
Kreisler (Decca DL 79986), or José Echániz performing the complete piano music of Manuel de Falla (Westminster XWN 18434), or the Boston Symphony in a rendition of Ravel (Victor LM 1012). On the other hand, for those chlidren who like to sample different styles of playing and varied types of music, there are many records with interesting combinations of composers or of compositions. In one such record, Leonard Bernstein conducts Beethoven and Bach (Columbia ML 5211); in another George Szell plays an all Russian program that includes Tchaikowsky, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Borodin and Moussorgsky (Epic LC3483).

In suggesting records from the classical repertoire it must be emphasized that there is a very wide choice available and individual taste would dictate the selection of a particular record. A piece such as "Peter and the Wolf" can be found in numerous recordings with numerous narrators. The musical quality may be comparable but the reading of the script by one actor may appeal more than another. The selection on the reverse side may be the determining factor. The Vienna Orchestra under Mario Rossi records "Peter" with Boris Karloff as narrator. The "Lieutenant Kije Suite" is the companion piece on this record. This could be a real addition to the record library (Vanguard VRS 1028). Another fine recording of this selection is Arthur Fiedler and the Boston Pops Orchestra with Richard Hale as narrator. The companion pieces are Dukas's "Sorcerer's Apprentice" and Saint-Saëns' and German's "Henry the VIII" dances (Victor LM 1803). This illustration can be duplicated in dozens of records. It is obvious that records listed are merely suggestions of some of the many good recordings that are available in this area.

It is important to realize that many children will be interested in listening to a short selection but will become bored and restless if required to sit through an entire long-playing record. Many youngsters like to hear the same piece many times and would prefer to repeat part of a familiar selection than go on to a new section. This is one real disadvantage of the LP record. In spite of the skill youngsters have in putting the needle down on the band they wish to hear, records do become scratched. There is a real advantage in a short record that just contains enough for a single listening. As long playing records are here to stay, we earnestly hope that the manufacturers will devise some more satisfactory way of marking the bands so that children can listen at their own pace and in their own way.



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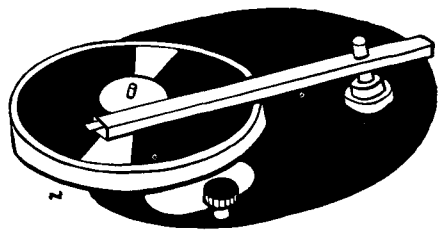

The Tin Ear

By EDGAR VILLCHUR

HIGH fidelity aficionados sometimes speak of the "golden ear," by which they mean an ear for perceiving, with exquisite discrimination, faults, and virtues in the reproduction of music. By contrast, those without this discrimination have tin ears. Aural experience is supposed to play an unimportant role in the life of the tin-eared; there is a veil between them and the sensuous world of sound.

My own work (research and development for Acoustic Research, Inc.) requires constant critical listening to sound reproducing components. I long ago learned that in order to judge the fidelity of reproduced sound I must listen, musically speaking, with tin ears. I must reject from my field of perception that which is most valuable in the music: the score and the performance.

In auditioning a new musical work one may "tune out" the particular performance he is hearing. Conversely there may be occasions when, for one reason or another, one concentrates on the performance and pays little attention to the score. The audiophile who listens to reproduced music with a view to judging high-fidelity equipment must be deaf to both.

This is not to say that it is necessary to abandon all musical experience when called upon to evaluate the performance of a hi-fi set, but that attention must be concentrated on such matters as accuracy of timbre, separation of voices, absence of extraneous noise (all of which help to convey a general sense of reality). One is not allowed to fall under the spell of well-performed but badly-reproduced Bach, nor does one turn away from well reproduced musical pap. Violin string tone is violin string tone, and it is only necessary to determine whether or not it sounds natural, not whether or not it makes musical sense. The latter question is irrelevant and immaterial to the problem at hand.

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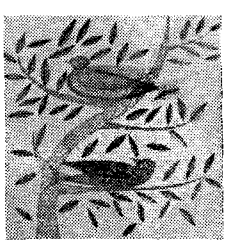

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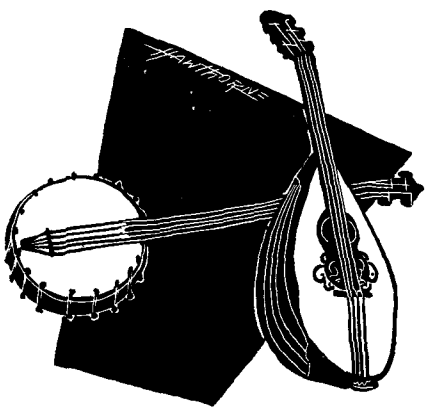
to a greater degree than engineers, to tin-earedness in the audiophile sense. Not being trained to stay aloof from the music itself they tend to quickly lose themselves in it, whether it is being reproduced by a $19.95 portable wind-up phonograph or a fancy hi-fi rig. Perhaps some of them lack faith in the ability of high fidelity equipment to provide any semblance of the concert hall experience, and so they reserve a special attitude for loudspeaker sounds. Accepting these sounds (if indeed they pay much attention to them as such) as mere symbols of the music, they listen with an inner ear, translating the suggestion to the remembered concert experience, ignoring as it were the nuclear and warped glass through which they must peer. As the knob-twirling hi-fi bug may neither hear nor enjoy music, the musician with an antagonism for electronics may miss out on the pleasure to be derived from the accurate reproduction of instrumental timbre.

There is probably something to be said for each of the extreme attitudes described here. The latter approach is of course associated with the enjoyment of music, but it will not enable one to select good high-fidelity components, and good reproduction can provide a more valuable musical experience than bad reproduction. The most anti-electronics musician would do well to learn to listen with musical tin ears (or audiophile golden ears) once in a while.

The golden-eared listener, audiophile definition, does enjoy the accurate reproduction of sound in full measure. His trouble is that he may not be able to shake himself loose from his antiseptic detachment from the music, even after the reproducing equipment is selected, installed, and tested satisfactorily. Fortunately his preoccupation with disembodied sound can, with increased musical maturity, recede to a normal pleasure-taking in instrumental tone colors, and his initial interest in high fidelity can even lead him to know and enjoy our musical heritage.



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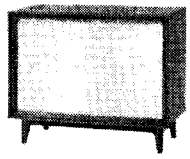

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Amplifiers for Stereo

By NORMAN EISENBERG

THE amplifier is well known as the "heart" of the hi-fi system. In stereo, then, it's a matter of two hearts beating as one. The stereo signal must be fed to twin amplifiers for the control and electrical build-up needed to drive the pair of stereo loudspeakers. One amplifier—regardless of what signals enter it, and regardless of how many separate speakers it powers—furnishes only monophonic sound. As with all else in the electrical and acoustic chain, it takes two (amplifiers) to stereo.

Early converts to twin-channel sound (stereo was available on prerecorded tapes a good few years before stereo discs) simply added a second amplifier to their existing set-up to satisfy the most obvious requirement for the doubling-up involved in stereo. If this simple doubling up was all that stereo needed, there might be precious little need for the new electronic beast known as the stereo amplifier, with its twin inputs and outputs and array of new-fangled controls. However, as many listeners have discovered, using two monophonic amplifiers for stereo leaves much to be desired. For one thing, obtaining correct balance of the two channels can be quite a chore with two separate amplifiers. Unless both amplifiers are identical, chances are the same relative settings of control knobs on each will not produce the anticipated identical acoustic results.

Then, too, in many single-channel systems, the original amplifier may have been built and bought some time ago. The second amplifier that many might consider adding for stereo would be, often, a unit of more modest performance and ability—or, at least, not identical in all respects. Experience has shown that for optimum results on stereo, it is improper to treat the equipment for the second channel as second best. Inferior or unmatched equipment for the second channel can detract from the over-all quality as well as degrade the sense of depth and fullness characteristic of good stereo.

In any case, the first important feature missing from simply using two monophonic amplifiers for stereo is a means of balancing the two channels accurately and conveniently. This balancing often is necessitated by differences in program material as well as in the acoustic characteristics of different parts of the same room. And attempting to balance by using two volume controls on two separate control panels can be a frustrating experience.

Additionally, there is the matter of channel reversal, of getting the "A" side of the stereo signal to come out of the "B" speaker, and vice versa. Such interchanging is no mere caprice for the gadget-minded; there are any number of chances for variations all along the line from original recording through record manufacture, hook-ups in the system at home, and even individual listening tastes that make it definitely an advantage to be able to reverse the two channels quickly and effortlessly. Without a channel reversal switch, such interchanging can be done only by pulling out and re-connecting plugs or by re-connecting the loudspeakers.

The loudspeaker hook-ups, by the way, present another problem—that of "phasing." The two speakers on stereo must be "in phase" so that they vibrate in step with each other. When out of phase, speakers literally buck each other and part of the total sound is cancelled. Unless your pair of speakers is polarized, you may have connected them to their respective amplifier terminals out of phase. A phase-reversal switch, on the amplifier control panel, enables you effectively to change the speaker connecting wires without the need to go near them. What's more, by flicking the switch back and forth and listening

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attentively you generally can tell whether or not your speakers are in phase; in this correct condition the sound, particularly the bass, is noticeably fuller.

Yet another consideration is that of annoying hum on low-level signals, as from a magnetic phono cartridge or a tape playback head. Connecting such signals to two separate chassis increases the chance of a "hum loop" (a strange kind of circuit-within-a-circuit that picks up stray voltages and sends them through the sound system as hum). This danger is minimized when using the common chassis of a stereo amplifier.

Even when used with single-channel program signals, the stereo amplifier (feeding two speakers) can prove superior to the monophonic unit; the new type can accept the single-channel signal and provide dual amplification. This makes for a greater sound spread in the listening area. While not really stereophonic, such operation can provide very satisfying results; many listeners have been amazed at what it can do for records previously considered outdated.

The costlier stereo amplifiers (and particularly those in which the preamplifier is distinct from the power amplifiers) offer, as may be expected, more of these new control features together with the staples long associated with hi-fi. Among these staples, absent on many stereo control panels, are separate treble and bass controls for each channel and variable phono equalization. A good argument can be made for these absences—in terms of simplifying things (what with the new controls that have come in) as well as in terms of an obvious economy. On the other hand, the critical listener may become highly annoyed when he tries, for example, to boost the treble on channel B only to find it causes channel A to become too shrill. And the owner of a large collection of pre-1955 records may be dismayed at the absence of his favorite disc equalization settings for correct playback of those records.

Among the higher-priced models that do provide very nearly the last word in versatility and control features on both channels are models by H. H. Scott, Madison-Fielding, and Stromberg-Carlson. Confirmed do-it-yourselfers who don't mind putting in upwards of thirty hours on assembling and wiring might consider any of a number of proven amplifier kits. Among others, there are excellent units by Lafayette and Eico that offer control features and performance quality on a level with their costlier ready-made contemporaries. Most of the other available stereo units provide the "stereo extras" but simplify things in other areas, such as furnishing tandem controls instead of separate controls for each channel. The listener to whom this simplification poses no problem would do well, obviously, to consider any of a host of thoroughly acceptable, fine performing units. And as an expedient stop-gap against obsolescence of presently owned amplifiers, many manufacturers, such as Scott, Fairchild, Dynaco, Bogen, and Lafayette, are offering "adapters" that electrically link two monophonic amplifiers and provide a good measure of the control features required. Such adapters generally are best used with amplifiers of the same manufacture; check with your dealer before buying.

The most significant advantage of any stereo amplifier is that it provides identical reproducing channels of similar quality. Additionally it is more compact and easier to fit in than two monophonic units. Finally, since both channels are contained on one physical chassis and share a common power supply, the two-in-one amplifier can be produced at lower cost than two separate amplifiers.

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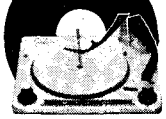

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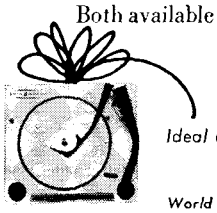

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"The Play of Daniel." *Noah Greenberg conducting the New York Pro Musica, with Russell Oberlin, Brayton Lewis, Charles Bressler, and Gordon Myers, and the Boy Choristers of the Church of the Transfiguration.* Decca DL 79402, $4.98 (stereo).

LAST JANUARY, Noah Greenberg brought to fruition in the Cloisters (a medieval reconstruction overlooking the Hudson River from Fort Tryon Park on the upper fringe of Manhattan Island, and administered by the Metropolitan Museum of Art) a plan which had been four years in the making. This was the complete performance of the twelfth century "Play of Daniel," based on a text in the British Museum, which was transcribed into modern notation by Father Rembert Weakland, OSB, and scored by Greenberg for an ensemble of voices and medieval instruments utilized in accordance with the suggestions of Dr. Edmund A. Bowles, a scholar of liturgical drama.

It is this elaborate apparatus which, in combination with the newest arts of stereo reproduction, is marshalled by Decca in this admirable venture. There can, in the first place, be only profound respect for the artistry with which Greenberg has brought his effort to sounding life: the performances are of the first order, especially by the impeccable Oberlin as Belshazzar's Prince (also as the voice of An Angel and the Herald Angel) and by Charles Bressler as Daniel, the boy choir makes a delightful sound, and there is real enchantment in the concatenation of sound set up by the Arabian jingle, Near Eastern finger cymbals, nakers (small tympani) and other exotic percussion instruments.

Whether the average ear will find equal interest in the chanting of the Latin text, or in some of sing-song intonations of the dance rhythms is another question. In its performances at the Cloisters, the producer (Lincoln Kirstein) enlisted the services of W. H. Auden to create a free verse adaptation (in nine parts) of the Daniel story to be spoken before each of the episodes. It is included in the handsome album presentation by Decca (together with an informative comment on twelfth-century music drama by Paul Henry Lang, plus other background material) but it would have added interest to those whose Latin is of the *veni, vidi, vici* order to have it spoken. —I. K.

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Newman

Continued from page 42

among Newman's incidental efforts was the translation from the German of a notable biography of Bach by a then (1914) little-known German organist and theologian, Albert Schweitzer.

All of these efforts, prodigious as they were, did not add to the something "special" that spoke to the youthful reader long ago. Scholarship, wit, even a sure instinct for the meretricious were in fair supply among other writers of the time. What endeared Newman to thousands who never knew him except through the printed page were an embracing sanity, a pervasive logic, a rare capacity for putting everything and everybody —including himself—in perspective. Together they pronounce the inquisitive temperament, fix the mental boiling point at whatever temperature is *critical* in a given circumstance.

It is a longtime contention of detractors that critics are, essentially, of transient consequence, that nobody has ever erected a statue to one of the breed. Newman, it is clear, long ago took care of that contention by erecting his own monument: not only the imposing literature itemized herewith, but the particular part of it published in this country as "Stories of the Famous Operas." (The material had been sold outright by Newman to his English publisher with no further returns from their sale in that country.) To the cash return from the American publication by Knopf may be added the untold gratitude that accrued from the many who found their enjoyment of any opera, however familiar or esoteric, enhanced by Newman's knowledge, perception and sheer storytelling ability. In due course, Newman repudiated the first texts, and wrote new treatments of fifty-five operas, even more brilliant. (Thirty are now available in two "Vintage Books" at $1.25 per volume.)

In addition to the routine chores of reviewing and article writing (which many followed, transatlantically, by the mail edition of the *Sunday Times*), Newman has also had time to be known as a boxing enthusiast and a learned man on cricket (a visitor to his home in Tadworth, at Test Match time, would be regaled with as perceptive a comment on the television of it as his readers would have on a Covent Garden "Meistersinger" in the next day's paper), and a hobbyist of *Weltpolitick* (his opinion of FDR would drive any American not a music-lover from the dinner table).

His, in all, has been an incredible performance, far more stimulating, much more sustained and productive than most of those he has been writing about since 1905. Perhaps the sincerest testimony to his undiminshed powers came but a few weeks ago when, in one of his last series of articles, he proclaimed eyesight a more precious attribute for a musician than hearing, and drew blood from, among others, the eminent accompanist Gerald Moore, who rejected the thesis as nonsense. Perhaps so, for those who still can hear and see; but not so for Newman, whose eyesight finally gave out after more hours at the study lamp than the average scholar would spend in twice times ninety years. Paraphrasing another Newman, one could say that his was a light, whether kindly or unkindly, which still leads among the encircling critical gloom.

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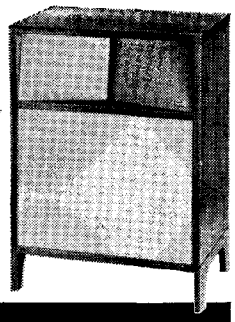

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Coffee-Shop Brahms

Continued from page 41

artist does appear in Japan he is almost invariably greeted with great enthusiasm and treated with great respect. Tokyo has a good symphony orchestra, partly supported by government funds. Yet concert audiences represent only a tiny upper-class fraction of the 90 million people who live on islands the size of California. This year the record industry in Japan will sell about 15 million records. Most of these, as in our country, are recordings of Popular music; about 10 per cent are LPs. If you do buy an LP it is likely to be one of serious music, for it is a serious purchase you are making. An LP costs 1,900 yen, which is $5.50 in our money but represents about $20 in the Japanese economy. Still, every major American, British, and German record company is now represented in Japan and Western music accounts for about 60 per cent of all records sold.

The electronic industry as well as the record dealers are excited about stereophonic sound. At a meeting of about a hundred dealers I had to answer many questions, including questions about stereo. How do you demonstrate it? Could it be used in the small Japanese home? Could it work with a 78 record? Was it good for all kinds of music? etc., etc. It was the only time I was asked questions. Usually one does not pose questions in public meetings for fear of offending the speaker. He cannot admit he doesn't know the answer. The Japanese phonograph manufacturers (three major firms: Japan Victor, Japan Columbia, and Toshiba) have just begun to market stereophonic phonographs of excellent quality and good styling. But again the prices of these phonographs, while low according to American standards, make them a product of luxury.

Japanese taste in serious music is strongly influenced by German taste. When Japan began to be westernized the first music teachers who came to Japan (in the decade between 1880 and 1890) were Germans. Their tradition lingers. So it is that an old recording of Schubert's "Die Winterreise" by Gerhard Hüsch continues to enjoy considerable popularity. Indeed, the Japanese claim that more recordings of Lieder are sold in Japan than in Germany. Another reason for this, they say, is that the elegiac mood of such songs as "Die Krähe" and "Der Leiermann" are akin to the mood of Japanese music.

In other respects, a Japanese popu-

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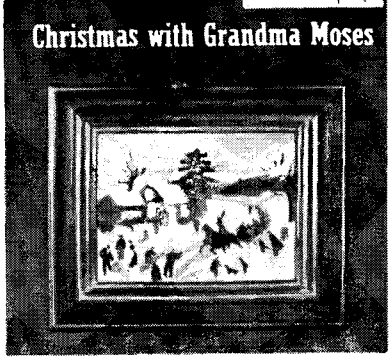

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larity chart reads much like an American. Our own best sellers of serious music in Japan are:

Dvorak's "New World" Symphony (Toscanini); Beethoven's Fifth Symphony (Munch); Beethoven's Ninth Symphony (Toscanini); Beethoven's Fifth and Eighth Symphonies (Toscanini); Beethoven's "Emperor" Concerto (Rubinstein); Tchaikovsky's Violin Concerto (Heifetz); J. Strauss's Waltzes (Reiner), and, since July, when it was released, the Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 1 played by Cliburn. Ravel's Bolero is another best seller; the piece is considered "very sexy."

It was to be expected that I would find "Madame Butterfly" to be Japan's most popular opera. It was to be expected, but actually "Carmen" outranks it, though "Butterfly" is a close second. Everywhere I went I was asked what we here thought of the new production of "Butterfly" at the Metropolitan. One must give a polite answer, and I was glad that I was able to give that answer with complete sincerity. In turn, my question to the students at Tokyo University whether they knew anything of contemporary American music, of Sam Barber, of Norman Dello Joio, or Roy Harris, was answered with a "yes" in a tone meaning "no." One gets to understand the semantic symbols quickly. If you ask anybody if he speaks English the answer is always "yes." By and by you can decipher whether it is "yes" meaning "a few words," "yes" meaning "no" or "yes" meaning "yes." But the answer is never "no," because that would make the questioner feel bad. Menotti's operas the students did know. "The Medium," "The Consul," and "Amahl" had been given in Tokyo. I heard one contemporary Japanese opera. It sounded like Puccini. Its composer is reputed to have said "Puccini spoiled the business for us. If we write like him we are called unoriginal, and if we don't write like him the public isn't going to listen."

The duality which apportions equal enthusiasm to subtle Noh plays and crude "Western" movies, in which the cowboys are Samurai sword fighters, may puzzle and perplex you. You can never be sure, really, of what they like and how they will judge. Yet I am sure that the Japanese, both the staid traditionalists and the new generation, have a deep love for music, a love freshly curious and inquisitive. I came away with a new conviction of the truth of what has now become a cliché, that music is the universal language. I came away with admiration for Japan and a deal of humility. I learned a Buddhist saying: "The more the grain grows, the deeper bends the stalk."

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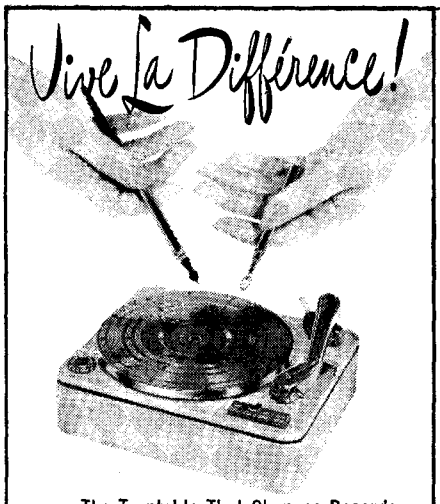

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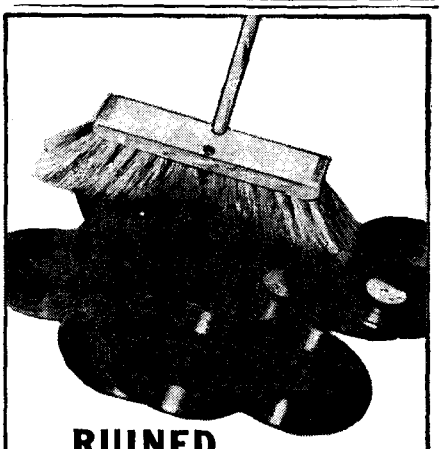

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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

HOBSON THROUGH THE FOG

It is refreshing to find that an honest opinion can occasionally penetrate the fog of sophisticated balderdash that passes for jazz criticism in the pages of *SR*. Wilder Hobson's views that "the Original Dixieland Jazz Band's original 1917-19 tunes . . . are among the finest jazz themes extant" and that "the ODJB . . . is a more stimulating combination than . . . King Oliver's Creole Jazz Band" (*SR* Oct. 25) are shared by thousands of mature music-lovers throughout the world and deserve recognition more often. Of course, poor Mr. Hobson will undoubtedly be fired from the staff of *SR* for this brazen breach of contemporary ethics, but every man must have his moment of courage.

H. O. Brunn.

Snyder, N. Y.

Editor's Note: *One man's balderdash is another man's courage . . .*

JERITZA AND SR

Would only like to express enjoyment of the Opening Night chronology. Thought "Boom and Depression" especially appropriate with its reference to Jeritza in the first term, to such as the Ponselle "Traviata," the Muller "Aida" in the second. Instead of familiar portraits of Rethberg and Ponselle, it might have been nice, in view of the Tebaldi vehicle, to have a photo of Jeritza's Tosca, though one would not truly expect that from *SR*.

David Beams.

New York, N. Y.

Editor's Note: *Objection overruled.*

RHYME WITHOUT REASON

Speaking of new limericks, the present situation at the Met prompts me to send one quickly thrown together for the occasion.

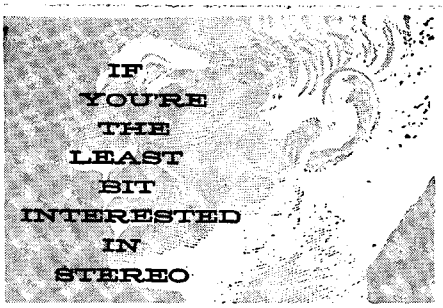
There once was a diva named Callas,
Who I am sure intended no malice
When she said, "Rudolf Bing,
I simply won't sing,
Unless I'm THE QUEEN at your palace!"

William A. Rawls, Jr.

Rocky Mount, N. C.

NILSSON ON LP

In *SR* Oct. 25 I.K. states that Angel 35540 constitutes Birgit Nilsson's first recording. I should like to call his attention to HMV ALPC 1, a long-playing record called "At the Royal Opera House in Stockholm." This is produced by HMV, The Gramophone Co. Ltd. of England, largely for distribution in Scandinavia. I happened to pick up a copy when visiting Stockholm in 1956. It features eleven stars of the Stockholm Royal Opera in eleven arias. Birgit Nilsson is represented by "Dich Teure Halle" from "Tannhäuser." Other



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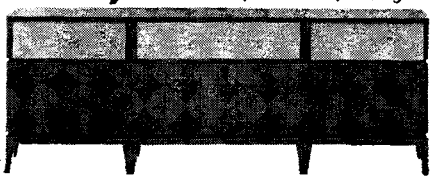

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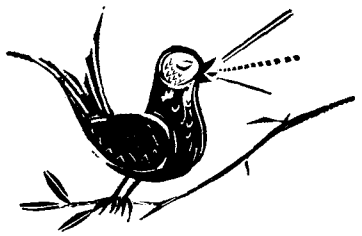

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exceptional performances include Aase Nordmo Lovberg singing "Vissi d'arte," Eric Saeden singing "Tutto e disposto" from "The Marriage of Figaro," and Hugo Hasslo singing "Cortigiani vil razza dannata" from "Rigoletto." Also, I.K. will find some earlier Nilsson recordings listed in Clough and Cuming in excerpts from operas of Berwald.

JOE H. KLEE.

Chicago, Ill.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The reference, of course, was to records in general circulation.*

MEDALS AT MOSCOW

IN "HIDDEN TREASURES OF RACHMANINOFF" (*SR* Aug. 20) Jan Holcman states that Rachmaninoff received gold medals in piano and composition at the Moscow Conservatory when he graduated. Rachmaninoff and Josef Lhevinne were in the same graduating class in the Moscow conservatory; and, if Mr. Holcman will look up the record, I think he will find that Josef Lhevinne received the gold medal in piano and Rachmaninoff in composition in that graduating class.

EDITH J. FOSTER.

Ft. Wayne, Ind.

"TRITTICO" PREMIERE

IN THE EXCELLENT notes by Leonard Scott on the jacket of Capitol's "Suor Angelica" I am astonished to read that the world premiere of Puccini's "Trittico" occurred at the Constanzi in Rome, January 11, 1919. It is hard to believe that so informed an opera-maine as Mr. Scott appears to be does not know that the world premiere of the "Trittico" took place a month earlier, at the Metropolitan, on Dec. 14, 1918.

IRA GLACKENS.

Center Conway, N. H.

IN PRAISE OF "BOCCANEGRA"

I WOULD LIKE to take this opportunity to congratulate Capitol EMI records for their recent "Simon Boccanegra" recording.

May I heartily urge EMI to give us performances of "Ernani," "Nabucco," and "Macbeth"? If possible with Gobbi and Christoff?

LEWIS GREENSFELDER.

Philadelphia, Pa.

WHERE'S BJOERLING?

IN YOUR DISCUSSION of Renata Tebaldi's recent opera recordings, you used the very apt phrase that her Metropolitan public's "winter of discontent" is about to come to an end. Unfortunately, the winter of discontent of Jussi Bjoerling's Metropolitan public not only is not coming to an end but is entering its second season. This is aggravated by the fact that in the case of Mme. Tebaldi there was an explanation for her absence, whereas no one seems to know why the finest tenor in the world seems to be singing in every opera house but the Metropolitan.

DAVID B. KIRSCHSTEIN.

Bronxville, New York

EDITOR'S NOTE: *An agreement to disagree, no doubt.*

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Features of fenny ground.	123 180 145 81 83 187 173 164
B. First wind instrument mentioned in the Bible, thought to be the syrinx.	186 105 85 63
C. Bearing acorns.	174 170 144 61 199 122 182 33 154 36 53 88
D. Turret on a roof or a summer house; projecting balcony closed with windows.	118 30 143 151 185 62
E. One of the titles in mah jongg (2 wds.).	60 1 79 137 80 72 37 109
F. Equilateral parallelogram having oblique angles.	192 71 127 11 18
G. Chant (as the liturgy).	64 125 8 191 179 77
H. Maiden name, Mrs. U. S. Grant.	35 195 201 120
I. Zest.	103 184 117 194 119
J. Gaseous hydrocarbon occurring in natural gas, with valuable derivatives.	87 99 9 189 51 110
K. Final effort on which everything is ventured (2 wds.).	150 22 113 128 165 111 94 74
L. Slot-machine restaurant.	78 131 126 175 76 46 67
M. No longer fastened; foiled.	39 160 20 104 17 93
N. Space bet. the true vocal cord of one side of the larynx and the other one.	202 65 69 24 43 75 73
O. Short socks (2 wds.).	84 48 3 101 140 114 47 44

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
P. Economical; in a healthy condition.	21 59 196 193 70 139 156
Q. Gladstone's middle name.	169 135 198 129 55
R. Impetuosity.	167 19 82 146 163 90 98 23
S. Draw a conclusion.	14 159 95 153 5
T. Caliban's mother.	108 68 142 57 178 96 41
U. Ancient measure, twenty-five eels.	52 58 124 148 86
V. Airsac of certain seaweeds.	115 56 155 40 161 107 27
W. One of the recruits in King Henry IV, Part II.	132 147 54 97 26 166 116 188
X. Kelp.	176 162 28 134 168
Y. Person in whose ear hung the "rich jewel," like Juliet's beauty at night.	141 32 138 200 130 89
Z. A rebate, often illegitimate, received by a party to a transaction (comp.).	181 183 149 197 42 102 157
Z^1. Another recruit in King Henry IV, Part II.	15 121 91 112 106 45
Z^2. Unchanging.	66 31 190 7 13 136 100 152 133 177
Z^3. Mnemonic word recalling Newton's spectrum.	29 158 172 4 171 12 92
Z^4. Sixth of the Seven Hills of Rome.	25 34 38 10 50 2 16 49 6

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words: if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

				1 E	2 Z^4	3 O		4 Z^2	5 S	6 Z^4	7 Z^2	8 G		9 J	10 Z^4	11 F	12 Z^1
13 Z^3		14 S	15 Z^1		16 Z^4	17 M		18 F	19 R	20 M		21 P	22 K	23 R	24 N	25 Z^4	
26 W	27 V	28 X	29 Z^3	30 D	31 Z^2	32 Y	33 C	34 Z^4		35 H	36 C	37 E		38 Z^4	39 M	40 V	41 T
42 Z	43 N	44 O		45 Z^1	46 L	47 O		48 O	49 Z^4		50 Z^4	51 J	52 U	53 C	54 W	55 Q	
56 V	57 T		58 U	59 P	60 E		61 C	62 D	63 B	64 G	65 N	66 Z	67 L	68 T		69 N	70 P
	71 F	72 E	73 N		74 K	75 N	76 L	77 G		78 L	79 E		80 E	81 A	82 R		83 A
84 O	85 B	86 U	87 J	88 C	89 Y	90 R	91 Z^1	92 Z^3	93 M	94 K		95 S	96 T	97 W	98 R	99 J	100 Z^2
101 O	102 Z		103 I	104 M	105 B	106 Z^1	107 V	108 T		109 E	110 J	111 K	112 Z^1		113 K	114 O	115 V
116 W	117 I		118 D	119 I	120 H		121 Z^1	122 C	123 A		124 U	125 G	126 L	127 F		128 K	129 Q
130 Y	131 L	132 W	133 Z^3	134 X		135 Q	136 Z^2	137 E	138 Y		139 P	140 O	141 Y		142 T	143 D	144 C
145 A		146 R	147 W	148 U	149 Z	150 K	151 D	152 Z^3	153 S	154 C	155 V	156 P		157 Z	158 Z^2	159 S	160 M
	161 V	162 X	163 R		164 A	165 K	166 W	167 R	168 X	169 Q	170 C	171 Z^3		172 Z^1	173 A		174 C
175 L	176 X	177 Z^2	178 T	179 G	180 A	181 Z		182 C	183 Z	184 I	185 D	186 B	187 A		188 W	189 J	190 Z^1
191 G	192 F	193 P	194 I	195 H		196 P	197 Z	198 Q	199 C	200 Y	201 H	202 N					

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

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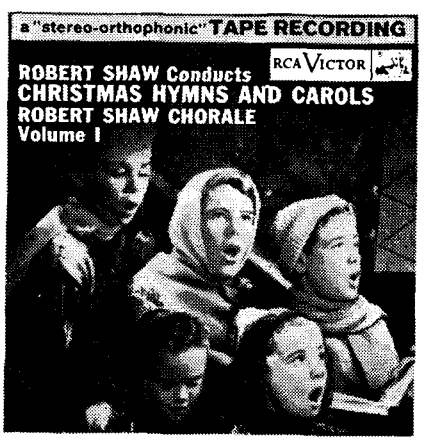

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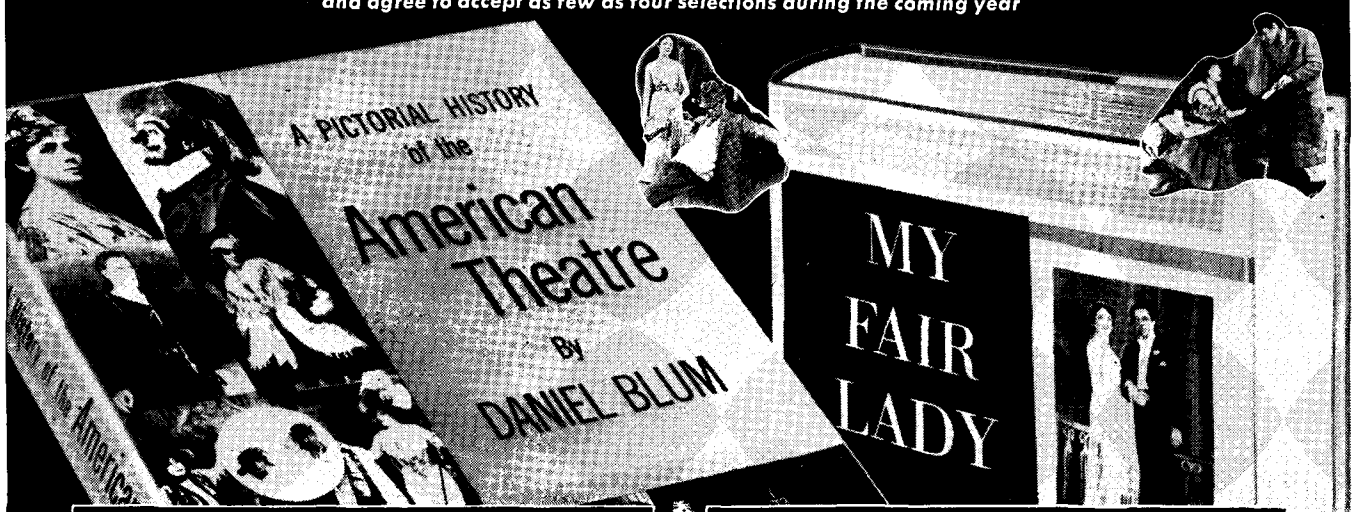

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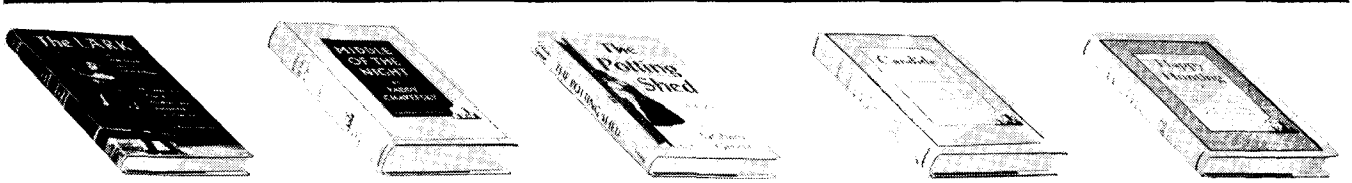

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